The Commonweal

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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JUSTICE FOR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

AN ISSUE of fundamental national importance was brought forward for consideration by the Reverend George Johnson in an address to the National Catholic Educational Association at its annual convention in New York last week. Dr. Johnson is the Secretary General of the N.C.E.A. and also the Director of the National Catholic Welfare Conference's Department of Education. What he had to say, therefore, was far more significant than the expression of merely personal views could be. It reflected, and undoubtedly was based upon, the considered judgment of the leaders of the Catholic population of the country, upon whom rests the tremendous responsibilities of molding the policies and directing the operations of the Catholic system of education.

Two statements made by Dr. Johnson were of particular importance. "In a very real sense," he declared, "this meeting in New York, held under the inspiring patronage of Cardinal Hayes, is the beginning of a new era in the history of the association. The economic worries that have tortured us during the past several years are lessening. The striking inability of human society to solve its problems without the aid of religion is becoming dramatically apparent. Our conviction deepens that in the philosophy of Catholic education we have something that the country needs. Our function in the future and our duty is to lead rather than to follow, to assert rather than to apologize." And again, he said: "Catholics do not forget for one moment that the refusal of the State to permit them to use the money they contribute through taxes for education to provide for their children a schooling that accords with the dictates of their conscience is a limitation upon their religious freedom."

Catholic schools, as Dr. Johnson said, exist primarily for the purpose of teaching the religion

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of Christ. In no way, however, does this primary purpose necessarily interfere with the duty of schools to impart the education which gives and develops the knowledge and proper use of secular subjects. "The religion of Christ," as Dr. Johnson said, "is not a mere set of formulas to be conned by rote and stored in memory"; it is rather "a way of doing things—physical things, economic things, social things, cultural things—of doing things as Jesus Christ wills them to be done. The vision and the power that is involved in all this cannot be achieved apart from the realities of life." And it was to some exceedingly practical and pressing realities of the situation facing the Catholic schools that Dr. Johnson called attention.

For example, he told the meeting that: 7,885 Catholic elementary schools are today training 2,159,652 children; in 2,159 Catholic high schools there are 271,786 boys and girls; in 151 Catholic colleges there are 51,493 young men and women, with 61,737 graduate and professional students attending 23 Catholic universities, and 9,304 others preparing themselves as teachers in 42 normal schools; while in 169 seminaries 17,922 young men are in training for the priesthood. To staff all their institutions there are 85,820 teachers: "priests and brothers, self-sacrificing nuns, zealous laymen and laywomen, devoting all their talents and all their energy in cooperation with divine grace to 'form Christ in those regenerated by baptism.' " The Catholics of the United States support this vast edifice of Christian education, which, however, is inadequate to take care of more than one-half of the Catholic children of the country. There are no more Catholic schools available because the means to support them are not at hand. "That means in effect," as Dr. Johnson pointed out, "that some 2,000,000 Catholic children are being deprived, through no fault of their own nor of their parents nor of the Church, of their full religious liberties. The State compels them to go to school and the State does not supply them with the kind of schools that accord with the dictates of their conscience."

Yet the Catholics of the United States must pay their taxes fully, like all other citizens, only to see a very large part of the tax money go to support public education, which, however, is quite inadequate in scope so far as the children of the Catholic taxpayers are concerned; so that the Catholic taxpayers are obliged by their conscience to establish and maintain a separate system, at a huge and highly burdensome cost—in spite of the incomparable self-sacrifice of its personnel—while their school tax money goes to the payment of the public education of the children of other people.

Moreover, as Dr. Johnson pointed out, "American Catholics are becoming increasingly conscious of the fact that they are the victims of a situation that in practise severely limits their religious freedom as "the connotation of the term 'education' broadens more and more and the curriculum of the American [public] schools takes on one additional phase of the child's life after another. . . . In the American program of education the custodial elements are beginning to outweigh the academic. Changing social conditions are making this necessary. The complexity of modern life combined with the educational inadequacy of the home and of other extra-school agencies are forcing us to make a wider and wider use of the schools in the bringing up of our children." It is practically impossible for the Catholic school to emulate this development, because of the tremendous expense involved. The State can, and does, provide many practical advantages for the children in the public schools, for which Catholic parents help to pay, although their own children in the Catholic school are denied these advantages —such as free transportation to and from school, in the rural and suburban areas, medical care, free textbooks, recreational facilities, school lunches, and "opportunities for vocational training that belong," as Dr. Johnson reminds us, "to all the children of the United States just because they are children, and which should not be denied to certain children simply because they do not happen to be enrolled in State-supported schools."

Defining Catholic schools as being in effect "privately administered public schools," Dr. Johnson declared it would be as illogical to forbid the Catholic child attending such a school the right to use tax-provided streets and sidewalks on his way to and from the school as to deprive him of tax-provided bus transportation or tax-provided school lunches. "To conjure up the bugaboo of union of State and Church in this connection is nothing more than a cowardly refusal to face the facts and to meet them in an American way."

This notable utterance of the Secretary of the National Catholic Educational Association should result in the whole basic issue of Catholic education being brought up for discussion. For it is not merely unjust that the pupils of Catholic schools, whose parents help to support the State public school system as well as their own, should be penalized by being deprved of many advantages freely given to the pupils of the State system. It is still more unjust that American Catholics should be obliged to watch the State spending millions upon millions of dollars—a large part of which comes from Catholic taxpayers—to teach children in the State schools various trades and professions, and to give them food, and medical care, while not one penny is made available for the most necessary thing of all, "for that education in religion which is the only ultimate safeguard for the institutions of liberty and democracy."

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Week by Week

WHILE the guns of the campaign began to roar aloud, especially in the Middle West where the struggle to determine the next Republican candidate has grown more than a trifle bitter, Congress looked forward to a program which threatened to keep the legislators in their offices during hot weather. The principal issue is of course the method in which taxes are to be raised, but the second—the future of relief activity—may be even more difficult to handle. Washington seemed convinced that the flood of taxable income was rising, so that if curtailments could be effected here and there the national credit would be in no serious danger. Indeed, when added up the two columns of figures might well look like a step toward a satisfactorily balanced budget. It was asserted that the first objective at which the President's tax suggestions were aimed was not the production of revenue at all but the reform of corporation practise. A law imposing levies on undistributed earnings would compel business to pass on those earnings to stockholders in the form of dividends. That would mean the circulation of wealth; and if this wealth were in turn "nicked" a little by the government which was circulating it, who could complain? But since an experiment of this kind raises so many questions about economic or political probability, the Congress was not in a mood to suppose that it could emerge from the tangle in a few weeks. Some important statement by the President on this and kindred topics is expected. Rumor had it meanwhile that action on the general security policy sponsored by the administration might be postponed until questions affecting relief had been answered. But speaking in Baltimore, at what was described as an opening-the-campaign function, Mr. Roosevelt emphasized certain NRA objectives—shorter hours, wide distribution of income—as the major social objectives of the near future.

The Trend of Events

FOR SOME weeks past, no clear impression of the scene in Mexico has been available. The report that churches in various parts of the country have been reopened was not denied in Catholic circles, but was widely interpreted as a meaningless gesture behind the airy cascade of which the process of "socialization" was being carried out as fast as the engineers could proceed. More startling was the sudden exile of General Calles. Accompanied by several men who were once important in the government of the country, notably Luis Morones, the General was summarily deposited on United States soil on the morning of April 10. For some time past he had been under strict police surveillance, and rumors that something exciting was in the offing would not down. Immediately upon his arrival, a collective statement to the press by the exiles declared that an effort was being made to impose Communism upon Mexico. Perhaps the most important item in the dispatch was the attestation of a feud between Morones and Toledano for the control of Mexican labor. Accordingly we believe that the key to much that it going on can be found in the personality and ideas of Toledano. This we shall endeavor to supply as soon as possible. At any rate there can be no doubt that there are strife and trouble aplenty in Mexico. Very much of these is the legacy of Calles, whose revolutionary stupidities disrupted a nation that might otherwise have made notable strides toward prosperity and peace. He has demonstrated anew the sacred paradox that those who take the sword perish with it. What the destiny of Catholicism is to be in Mexico remains, of course, another question, the answer to which time alone can give.

Calles and Cardenas

THE WORDS "lobby" and "pressure group" are distinctly ill-sounding in American. We hope, however, that the senators and citizens who are at present attacking them do not have in mind their abolition: that is impossible and, it would seem, undesirable. Certainly Senator Black and his legislative colleagues can hardly make too strict regulations governing their registration, expense accounts, publicity and responsibility. It is up to the citizens to see that they are constituted correctly. This is not likely to happen until we thoroughly realize that we are represented — well or badly — not only by the people we elect, but just as importantly (to be most conservative) by the people who persuade the people we elect to do this or that. Coherent groups of persuaders furnish most of the initiative in our government. They form an inevitable functional organization within the state, reflecting "interests" as real as any geographic ones. In a way they supplement majority democracy by furnishing proportional representation to an electorate whose divisions are most vaguely recognized by the major parties. They are correctives to ruggedly and atomistically individualistic liberalism. "Down with the lobbies!" seems a definitely retrogressive and quixotic slogan. "Purify the lobbies!" sounds like one that could lead to as fruitful political development as any. The trouble with lobbies like the Farmers Independent Council of America is not that farmers have a pressure organization, but they are really the private publicity companies of a few.

In Praise of Lobbies

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LOOKING over the scene, one is inclined to feel that the scientist has been pretty badly maligned. There is no doubt that many in this country, primarily among those brought up as members of evangelical Protestant sects, found the universe opened to them by education so much more attractive and convincing than the religious cosmos presented to them as children that they retreated into scepticism, pantheistic poetry or even materialism. Nevertheless the civilization of this country has been and is deeply religious. Look deeper and you find eagerness to face the ultimate problems of life in a religious spirit. One robin does not make a spring. But we notice as corroborative of the ideas just stated an article written for the current Sunday *Herald Tribune* by Professor Arthur H. Compton, recent Nobel Prize winner. This article is interesting in many ways, but especially because it marks one of those recurrent points at which the psychology of the rational, as distinguished from the psychology of the reflexes, enters the foreground of discussion. One of those moments came years ago when Professor Hugo Münsterberg announced (somewhat pontifically, to be sure, but impressively) the "return of the soul." For Dr. Compton, the argument runs as follows: thought and will are not entirely dependent upon physical processes accompanying them. "By the new physics the mechanistic concept that a definite thought is the result of an equally definite physical change in the brain has become difficult to defend," he writes. Therefore it would seem that the highest purpose of "nature" is the production of *homo sapiens*. That being true, it would be tantamount to accusing "nature" of shocking waste to hold that the supreme fruits of character and thought die with the earthly season.

Belief in Immortality

OF UNUSUAL interest in this connection is a study of the reception discourses at the French Academy since 1880—year of the secularization—published by Désiré Aubry under the title of "La foi sous la coupole" (Paris: Spes). Here one can find the reflections of a long succession of distinguished and learned Frenchmen on the "debate" between science and religion, the new inquiry and the old faith. Many, Renan and Loti among them, sought to establish the bitter conclusion that the ignorance of man concerning the things which most concern him becomes steadily more appalling with the advancement of research. But as a rule the mood is not simply one of what the Abbé Brémond termed the "agony" of the quest of God, but rather one of surprising certainty, of affirmation and of hope. It is really too bad that so few know the text of the extraordinary discourse in which J. B. Dumas replied to Taine, or of the thoughtful address in which, greeting the Marquis de Ségur, Albert Vandal defined the values of faith. How much better such opinion, even when sincerely sceptical, is than the journalistic vapidity in which we are forced to bathe almost daily! The author concludes: "We have been considering the respect impressively paid by the élite of France to religious insight, and beyond that to the Catholic faith of the Roman Church; and souls which are sincere and tormented, which grope their way toward certainty, can find here efficacious aid."

THE VARIOUS investigations into the evil of lynching carried on by social-minded groups in our country invariably stress the point that determined officers of the law are an all-important barrier against lawlessness. There are cases, of course, in which sheriffs intent on doing their sworn duty in the protection of prisoners have been overpowered, even injured; but the general truth is the same in this matter as in the matter of all other forms of violence. Any group, however wrong-headed, recognizes to some degree the might of right and of courage, and mob frenzy must reach an unusual pitch before it will dare deliberately to oppose them. This truth was often vindicated in the days of the old fighting marshals; yet it is doubtful if the most colorful chapter of frontier history enshrines an instance showing more promptiude and pluck—not to say picturesqueness—than the one currently reported from Danielsville, Georgia. A mob furiously bent on blood was battering down the walls of the county jail to get at a Negro prisoner held there awaiting trial on the charge of attempted criminal assault. The sheriff, helpless and desperate before the onslaught, summoned the community's seventy-four-year-old judge to the scene. The crowd numbered more than a hundred masked men; the old man who opposed them was feeble with years and illness—he had staggered to the jail from his sick bed. Yet he was master of the situation within one minute of arriving there. "I declare you all deputized as officers," he said—surely one of those strokes of intrepidity and inspiration which melodrama is always trying to learn from life. Before it, and the judge's few additional words, the crowd melted as if by magic; and the best feature of the whole remarkable recital is that the lesson was probably a constructive one. Men entrusted with law enforcement, in whatever circumstances, are apt to have a more positive attitude toward law forever after than those deterred from violence by mounted machine-guns. The South, which is blamed often and roundly for the lynching tradition, should also be honored for her courageous opponents of that tradition.

Action

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AMENDING THE CONSTITUTION

By DAMIAN CUMMINS

Much discussion of the Supreme Court and the Constitution fails to take into account, we believe, either those things which have remained stable in our governmental system or those other things which have grown out of necessity and the times. The following careful study by Dom Cummins requires thoughtful attention in the reading, but merits that. "Our party system," he says with emphasis, "is in intent diametrically unconstitutional," because it is the means through which gaps between federal powers are bridged.—The Editors.

A GREAT deal of our American regard for the Supreme Court is due to our mistrust of government itself, both in the abstract and in the concrete. This element of mistrust is the most essential characteristic of our Federal Constitution. For the heart of the Constitution is the separation of powers, legislative, executive and judicial. By that separation our fathers sought to make their own mistrust effective. State rights jealousy of federal domination is only one particular manifestation of a mistrust that at bottom appears to extend to all government, and to all of its ramifications, devices and agents.

But mistrust, whether justified or not, if erected into a system, may tend to undermine the fundamental purpose of government, which is to govern. Thus the extreme appeal to state rights jealousy, which helped to launch the Civil War, revealed itself as a weakness in the very foundations of a Confederacy which tried to erect a fighting commonwealth upon an appeal to disintegration. Thus also Germany finally fell in the world conflict, as is at least widely believed in Germany herself, because too many of her people listened when Wilson told them the German people was one thing, and the German imperial government quite another.

Nevertheless we in America still believe that there is and ought to be a vast though not dangerous distance between the people of this nation and its government. This puzzles Europe which, after utterly failing to understand our nation's rejection of Wilson, has, to her confessed amazement, at last come to see that not even a successful war President can commit his country to a foreign policy. Our Constitution was designed to perpetuate a certain distrust, and to maintain a certain distance, rather than identity, between the people and the successive governments of the passing day. It was a yielding to necessity, and not inclination, that did at last create a central power that has in fact become strong.

In general the Constitution has succeeded. It has both bestowed power and maintained a measurable distance between the three divisions of government. Yet the rigid separation of powers has, for over a hundred years, been largely cancelled by that sort of necessity which men call practical. This necessity uses the device of the party system to offset, and in large part to cancel, the Constitution's device of separation of powers. This is indeed the principal function of a party in our country. It puts together again what the Constitution puts asunder, the legislative and executive powers. This is precisely the reason why a third party is naught but a quadrennial joke. Such a party would be mathematically debarred from performing the major function of any American political party, which is the simultaneous election of a President and a Congress.

Hence for over a hundred years the political parties have fulfilled their one purpose—to enable Congress and the President to function in unison—in spite of the constitutional separation of these two powers. The party system is simply an extra-constitutional agency of government, born indeed of necessity, not countenanced, nor even cogitated by the Constitution, and existing somewhat against the advice of George Washington.

It is, however, possible that Washington objected only to the Cabinet system of party politics, then developing in England. In the full-fledged Cabinet system the parties contend for the prize of sovereignty itself (Parliament), not for a mere delegated administration of power. It is a political maxim today that any party system will work satisfactorily only where all important parties are agreed on the fundamental first principles of government. It is therefore matter for congratulation that there is, as people everywhere say, very little difference between our parties. By the same token it is possibly an unhealthful portent when parties divide on the issue of the Constitution itself. A nation's understanding of itself, which is its Constitution, and its view of its neighbors, which is its foreign policy, ought to approach as near as possible to unanimity.

A strange attempt to develop such a constitutional issue appears in the newly resurrected suggestion that the Constitution did not intend the Supreme Court to have power to declare unconstitutional legislation passed by Congress. The core of our Constitution is its separation of powers. If you really separate governmental powers, which the European Cabinet system does not, and if you moreover set up a written funda-

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mental law, it follows that you must have some special agency, distinct from Congress, to say what the fundamental law means. For Congress to say the final word would simply be to have, as England, no formal written constitution. Congress, like Parliament, would itself be the supreme authority in the land. In the will of Congress we would have an unwritten constitution, as England has, subject to daily change at the will of Congress. Thus to assert that Congress—the target of so many constitutional "Thou shalt not's"—has power to pass legislation at variance with the Constitution, with no power anywhere to call a halt, is an attempt to attribute to the Constitutional Convention a ghastly oversight.

It is indeed true that Congress, originally conceived as by far the most powerful arm of government, has suffered a progressive eclipse in fact as well as in popular estimation. The very success of the party system in uniting President and Congress for common action has uniformly tended to magnify the President and minimize the Congress. A President can act, he can make response, he can be sympathetic, he can be understood; Congress can do, and be, none of these things. The people have turned to their Presidents, and have largely forgotten Congress, save as a convenient rubber stamp for a popular Executive. Even the present campaign to increase the power of Congress (against the Supreme Court) is really meant by its sponsors to strengthen the arm of the President.

Moreover, whatever success, tending to neutralize the original suspicion of government, which has accrued to the federal government, has been credited to the Presidency. Whether this halo of success has arisen from the policy of territorial expansion, and subsequent homesteading, or from trust-busting, or from national handling of war and rumors of war, or from any other field of battle and success, the only triumph awarded by the American people is the Presidency itself. At times we even discuss this award as the only adequate recognition of such men as Henry Ford, Lindbergh, and Will Rogers!

The popularity of this presidential glamor has tended to obscure the modification of the Constitution which has steadily taken place from the very beginning. And when analysis reveals the process we are too apt to forget, in the excitement of our discovery, that the Constitution itself not only provides for its own amendment, but is itself a radical modification of all that had preceded it in our history. The age-old master, necessity, brought the Convention together and drafted a tremendous grant of power to the federal government. That was done against the grain. Essentially a series of compromises, the biggest compromise of all is essentially bound up with this very grant of power conveyed by the Constitution itself. The power is granted, reluctantly however, and with shackles. It is separated into compartments, in the hope that government itself could still be ruled by the people if only it were divided. The ancient Roman policy, divide and conquer, was not forgotten.

Certainly such a government, divided within, though we hope not against, itself, could not become much of a menace to the liberties of a people. But neither could it, in the original design, accomplish what, as it has turned out, the people themselves wanted accomplished. Because the people wanted expansion, Jefferson had only his conscience to oppose him in making the Louisiana Purchase. When our party system annulled one aim of the Constitution (separation of powers), the people didn't mind; consequently nobody was minded to outlaw the party system and its works. Though in form rather outside of than against the Constitution, our party system is in intent diametrically anti-constitutional, unless we admit, as indeed we must, that we have an unwritten as well as a written Constitution, together making one living whole. Unmentioned in the Constitution, the party system is so potent in results that it merits to be dubbed the cornerstone of our unwritten Constitution, whose never-dying author is custom and necessity. In the party system the unwritten Constitution supersedes the written permanently; in the Civil War Lincoln and his party appealed successfully to a "higher law" than the written in order to deal with an emergency.

The explanation, of course, is that the people, guided by the instinct of self-preservation, were with him. Lincoln is not blamed for his challenge to the written Constitution. But on the other hand, strange to say, neither is he praised. The country has sedulously tried to forget this admirable act of Lincoln. His was the noble though dangerous principle that there is a law higher than any law written by man, the eternal law of nature and of justice. But the common mind, lacking Lincoln's vision, nevertheless tries to forget. The nation almost developed a bad conscience over it, and passed a perfect orgy of amendments to straighten things out again, even laboring desperately to that end in the very midst of the Civil War crisis. Lincoln himself assisted in the hurried birth of a new state, Nevada, that it might help vote in the required amendments.

The Constitution, therefore, remains subject to amendment, not only by the means provided by the Constitution, but also by the same force that gave it birth, necessity. But the people, on the whole and on second thought at least, do not prefer Lincoln's way of setting aside an obnoxious decision of the Supreme Court based on the existing Constitution. Rather, they want their Constitution itself kept up to date. Lincoln himself was forced to rectify his step, or to regularize it. But the Dred Scot decision is useful in underlining the

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danger of going too slow in the process of amending the Constitution. When reactionary forces gather behind some constitutional prohibition in an endeavor to forestall a threatened change, especially of economic adjustment, it may be (as was the Dred Scot decision) the first sign of a coming explosion.

If the people want a change there is a way, always heretofore found (though in one instance only through war) of making the change constitutional. The people are unquestionably not ready to empower Congress to pass legislation not subject to judicial review, as some have suggested. A wider definition of interstate commerce than is now admitted by the Supreme Court might reasonably be made a part of the Constitution. Such an amendment might well be the only additional grant of power required by the Congress in order to deal effectively with the present and all immediately foreseeable emergencies.

REALISM FROM THE SOUTH

By JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI

CONTRARY to certain beliefs, there is no homogeneous South today. Any attempt to represent it as such proceeds merely from a subconscious desire to throw some credibility on the continuance or deterioration of a post-Civil War culture. Since this is so, it must be recognized that a grouping of Southern novelists as a school involves a fallacy. For their only common denominator is locale. Yet when Stark Young produces a novel like "So Red the Rose," he is immediately beset with critical cries of reversionism if not antiquarianism. Seemingly he is traitor to the "new Southern school." In their revolt against the stereotyped fiction which dealt with the South in terms of romance, aristocracy and chivalry, the critics are very much more prone to embrace the writers who call a spade a little bit more than a spade, and seek to tell us that the South today is typically degenerate, and the residue of her previous culture has made her so.

There should be no moaning at the bar for the passing of much fiction which the Civil War immediately produced. Yet the question must remain: are the present-day writers giving us the truth about the South or have they other axes to grind? It would be parlous to assert that there exists a commonness of intention; it is sound, however, to assert that the majority of literary critics would maintain the first proposition.

Actually the pendulum has swung to the opposite extreme from Stark Young's "So Red the Rose" and "Feliciana," and has reached a part of the truth, but a part which is in no better proportion to the whole. We merely see the glorification of character turned to portrayal of degeneration, and no one with all of his wits would pretend that Faulkner and Caldwell, to mention two of the most extreme, interpret the South. Indeed from considerations of character, their lay figures might easily exist in different milieus, for the South has certainly no monopoly on decadence.

Many other Southern novelists, however, would have to be arranged in varying positions along the arc from the center to the Faulkner-Caldwell extreme. And here, too, there is evidence that these have mistaken the particular for the general; if they have not, the critics often have. These, with fiction describing environments unfamiliar to them, frequently show a startling credulity and much of their acclaim is based on the popularity of certain faddistic current ideas.

This is no better exemplified than in fiction which deals with the Negro. Now depiction of the Negro in fiction has undergone the same kind of revolution. The family retainer type, with his genial acceptance of life, his devotion and his native humor, has been replaced by the victim of social injustice, the aspiring dreamer or the embattled toiler. This replacement, because it has fitted in with certain theses given some impetus by the Broadway excursion into Harlem, has filled the critics with delight and, it is to be feared, has frozen some of their faculties of discrimination.

It is rather astonishing, for instance, that no one laid a finger on the essential fallacy of "Green Pastures," unquestionably an excellent play and deserving of almost every whit of praise it received. Written in the framework of fantasy, it was nevertheless hailed as a moving expression of truth, the faithful depiction of the Negro's idea of heaven. Among its salient characteristics was its naivëté, and it was precisely the naivëté of author and critics which led them to miss the truth.

For, however sad a commentary on the sense of inferiority the white man has forced on the Negro, the truth remains that the Negro, in contrast with a dominant white majority which dictates social policies, would not save very rarely posit a Negro God. How, under these circumstances, would he, picturing ideal happiness, even posit himself as a black or brown angel? The picturization of heaven, which all of us imagine, is a place divested of all the trials and tribulations of earth, and the fact remains that in our American civilization, whether it be of the Yankee or the Southerner, the Negro would change his color

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if there were any possibility of his doing so. His religiosity, too, and his reverence of Deity would determine his picture of a God *in excelsis,* Christ coming in majesty, angels more glorious than his neighbors with wings fixed to every-day bodies.

Today the most apt defense of realism is the assertion that it presents truth, but there is not sufficient examination to determine if the presentation of a part of the truth may not be made more distorting to the whole than pleasant tales labeled indubitably fictitious. The poet is permitted to read his own moods into everything about which he writes; the realistic writer on the other hand must be objective and not subjective. And the critic should become immediately wary when there is any indication that the novelist, who is using the excuse of realism to cover a multitude of sins literary or otherwise, is projecting *his* emotional or intellectual reactions into characters, and manipulating them by *his* aspirations or pessimism.

It is the gospel-attitude of much that is paraded as realism which presents the greatest danger for any correct appraisal. Certain critics fling about the adjective "realistic" in altogether too reckless and unrealistic a fashion. They would be the first to decry a novel in which the good were possessed of all virtues; yet they can be equally guilty of myopia when they accept unrelieved sordidness and depravity which is no more true than a collection of pure heroes and heroines in conflict with deep-dyed villains. Neither truth nor realism are won by replacing rose- with ochre-colored glasses.

An illustration of this can be had in the reception which greeted Robert Rylee's "Deep Dark River." This first novel was propagandistic, laudably directed to focus attention on the social injustice which victimizes the Negro plantation farmer. It was enthusiastically hailed as a true depiction of appalling conditions, but even its effectiveness as propaganda was weakened by the fact that the author separated the sheep drastically from the goats. It was the whites, save the heroine, who solely wore the horns. And this is not realism.

Fiction of the South had doubtless become too stereotyped and the writer who achieves freshness with that environment is to be commended. Unfortunately much that has been advanced for this end is based on the assumption that to be original is the same thing as to startle. Very much of the sad chaos into which many moderns have precipitated the various forms of art can be traced to this substitution: where the eye expects to see a curve is angularity; where the ear expects harmony is dissonance; where the mind expects good in the worst character is the nadir of depravity. Thus many of our Southern writers have merely reversed the picture which the post-Civil War novelist had given us; or have shown us, in another metaphorical sense, the photographic negative. Neither school has given us the truth and it can be suspected that the writer of honeysuckled romance, framed by the Civil War against white manorial porticoes, was truer to his period than the great part of what today is published as representative Southern fiction.

It is these fallacies of approach to theme which may account for the failure of the Southern novelists to hit upon one of the salient facts about the South. It is one which has become more and more apparent since the turn of the century. Unquestionably there was a unique culture which distinguished the landed aristocracy, a culture which received a critical blow through war. But it cannot be too emphasized that the cultured aristocracy comprised proportionately a small part of the South's population. That class' collapse was due to financial ruin as much as to anything else, and all in the South suffered from the same debacle.

Emergence was slow but it has been under way ever since: in the past four decades with increasing acceleration the South has been coming awake. And in the process, the laurels have gone and are going to the most enterprising. If the down-at-the-heels "Colonel" must clatter about in his heavily mortgaged family mansion, it is not actually because he is stubbornly and idealistically clinging to a past. His preference, if the word can be used, to end his life in poverty rather than compromise with more commercial times, is not altogether faithfulness to an empty tradition; it is more essentially a lack of faith in his own ability to keep abreast and forge his way ahead against competition from the many whose ancestry is not considered worth investigating.

But for the one "Colonel" there are a thousand others of his own class who look back only for what the past can teach them and forward to what they can make the future yield. These, and the new armies of those who have no blood ties with the lost aristocracy, are confronted with perhaps more social and social justice problems than exist in other sections of America. Satisfactory solutions cannot be found in a decade or by a generation. But with each comes new readjustments and new and more active hope to which the South is more and more susceptible. Yet its problems are so individual to the Southerner that it is doubtful if outsiders can help him.

Nevertheless it is this spirit in the South which is the most notable truth about it today and it is a thousand times more worthy of portrayal by the novelist than isolated clans speaking Gullah, or a twentieth-century Legree urging on his dogs of credit, or Great-Aunt Emily and her collateral descendants mulling around on the borderlands of inbred insanity. The Southern writers have been praised for their virility. Are they glaring exceptions in their own environment or must we wait for literary fashions, set by critics, to change before they will admit they are not?

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SAVING THE YOUNG

By JOHN P. McCAFFREY

SOME time ago Father Cunningham wrote in THE COMMONWEAL an article stressing religious instruction as an antidote for the social poison of crime and suggested as a field for Catholic Action the mobilization of Catholic lay forces to bring this religious instruction to the children. There is no doubt that this is the groundwork of crime prevention. A few years ago, we made some studies into the question of crime and religious instruction, finding that our Catholic boys in prison who had attended the parochial schools were very few compared with the Catholic boys who had not gone to our Catholic schools. But the giving of Catholic training is not enough. Sad to say, we cannot hope to keep out of prison the graduates of our parochial schools on the theory that religious training is sufficient. We must do more. Crime prevention is a bigger job and these suggestions are supplementary to the thesis of Father Cunningham's article.

No one will deny that society has a part of the responsibility for crime. Those who have studied the matter know that environment plays a heavy part in leading the boy into trouble. Society is mainly responsible for this unhealthy environment. In a general way we know that slum areas are the breeding grounds of crime, the cancer spots of our social life. The efforts of cities and states and federal agencies to replace these slum areas are well aimed. The danger, however, is that the people who now live in the slums will not be able to pay the rents asked in the new developments, and the net result will be not the abolition of the slums but their removal to a new area. The rent of these new projects must be kept as low as possible to achieve the desired reforms.

It is in the slum areas that the street gang starts. The step that the street gang takes in becoming a criminal mob is a short one. We know that the gang starts as a protest on the part of the boys in a neighborhood against their living in that neighborhood which most of the time is a slum area. Boys need companionship and they find it in the gang. The gang is often the one bright spot for them as a refuge from the homes they live in. The gang does things that are attractive. The common activities of the gang give the thrill of living to its members. A dashing leader, the thrill of common stealing and fighting, the roar of a bonfire, the gang club house in a vacant lot or an old cellar, form the setting that lures the boy into the meshes of the gang. In a word, he wants to belong and soon he is initiated into the gang. He picks up the gang code, a set of rules of conduct that makes the gang a little society within the social structure. The great rule of the gang law is not to tell, not to squeal on another gang member. The gang interests become the interest of each member. "One for all and all for one" makes of the gang a band of adventurous musketeers in the midst of the squalor and dirt of the slums. A new spirit, a dangerous spirit, is born.

I firmly believe that society should *move in* on the gang and control it. There is not much sense in trying to destroy it because it is the answer to the fundamental needs of the boys, but society can direct it and keep it from becoming an anti-social mob. It can sublimate the ebullient spirit of the gang and lift it up.

How can this be done?

The adventurous spirit of the gang is usually harmless when the boys are very young. It is when they enter the dangerous years between fourteen and eighteen that serious trouble is encountered. Just before this time the substitution for the gang should come. To my mind, the best substitution is the establishment of Boy Scouts units or units of the Catholic Boys' Brigade, or the Squire units fostered by the Knights of Columbus some years ago. Each one of these does for the boys what the gang does. In the first place, it offers companionship. It gives common activities properly directed. It realizes the ideals of the growing boy. It brings the boy out in the open air into athletic activity and, last and most important, it gives the boy a definite program of action and a code of ethics to take the place of the gang code. To sum up, it takes over the gang before it passes into a troublesome group. The only criticism of some of these organizations is that often they do not reach the boys who need them most, but I believe they can be "sold" to the boys under the proper leadership. So much for the first step.

It would be foolish to think that this program would reach all. It should be supplemented by the establishment of recreational centers: the use of public parks under trained leaders, the use of public school gymnasiums at night and in the late afternoon, the use of armories with their great floor space, and last of all by the placing of trained boy leaders in the most troublesome streets of our city. If you go to Central Park on any good day, you will find groups of the children of the rich playing under the leadership of young college students. If we could put the same boy leaders in the streets where the boys are getting into trouble we could *move in* on juvenile delinquency

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and stop it. The trouble with society and with the rest of us is that we wait until we are forced to take a position, and only after all the damage has been done do we come to any real action.

A store could be set up in the street to hold equipment and the boy leaders could operate from this base. In time they would get to know the neighborhood and to know the boys. The boy leaders could spot the gang leaders and attempt to control the situation in advance. Of course, this work demands trained play directors, men who know their business, men who know boys and who know organization, but I believe it would pay the city and the state and the nation to subsidize these play leaders in just the spots where the trouble has started. They would be doing a splendid job of social service and society would be *moving in* on crime.

As a third part of the program for the years when we lose so many of our Catholic boys, the years after graduation from school, the establishment of the Catholic Youth Organization I believe would solve the problem. The splendid work done in Chicago can be and will be repeated in New York. These Catholic Youth Organizations are taking hold all over the country. They are being organized on the basis of the parish and coordinated by a general governing unit in each diocese. I do not have the figures but I know that this Catholic Youth movement very definitely has cut down delinquency among our Catholic boys in the city of Chicago. The interest in boxing and athletics is suited admirably to these years of growing physical strength. The boy is taught to be clean and square and active, and the results are inevitably splendid.

So much for the positive side. There are certain other aspects that should be followed. There is not much sense in letting the good work of religious training and of social construction be undermined by the bad spots of the neighborhood. Suppose a young priest in a parish in the slum area should sit down and try to analyze his neighborhood. At once he would be able to put his finger on the things that are nullifying his work. Some years ago there came tumbling into Sing Sing Prison a great number of young boys from a certain neighborhood in New York City. I had known the neighborhood when I was a boy and its reputation had been good. It was a staid, conservative place peopled mainly by German-American families; but something had gone wrong in the meantime. I attempted to find out. I went down and walked the streets of the neighborhood and very easily found out the trouble. On the main street of the neighborhood, running from east to west, the area was honeycombed with pool rooms, dance halls and cheap political and social clubs. These buildings and a lack of community centers told the whole story.

Each parish will have its own particular bad spots but they can be plotted out very definitely and the priest can organize the constructive forces in his parish to *move in* on these danger spots and render them as harmless as possible. He can try to organize the parents of the parish and enroll them for action. The lay parish organization should be organized by the pastor or his delegated assistant. The Holy Name Society is ready at hand for this work. Such lay action will give their usually dry meetings a purpose and a spirit. The women's societies can be organized in the same way. When these groups are organized and when they are thoroughly acquainted with this plan of lay action, the evils can be tackled one by one.

The danger may be a pool room. A gang is gathering around this pool room and is starting out on exploits that may lead to crime. The owner can be visited by the men's committee and asked to correct the evil. When he sees real action on the part of his neighbors, especially with the danger of economic consequences, the chances are that he will regulate his business and get rid of the gang that is making his pool room obnoxious. If a moving picture theatre is offending, the same process can be taken and the women's committee can also go into action. No business man can afford to offend the people of his neighborhood and the threat of loss of patronage will affect the change. If a social club or political club is harboring gamblers that are bringing social evils to the community, the controlling politician can be seen and the old story of votes will do the trick again. I do not care what the danger is to the work of the priest, the evil can be controlled through these active parish groups. Not only will the parish be improved by the effect of such action, but a living program will put new life into dying parish societies. As a last recourse, after all these efforts fail, the priest can muster the forces of law and order on his side. The Crime Prevention Bureau of the Police Department can be called upon. Similar organizations in other churches can be asked for their cooperation for civic improvement. In this way the good effects of the constructive religious and social program will be sustained and Catholic Action will function; not only to save the souls of the young in a religious way, but also to keep our Catholic boys out of prison. The whole program means work, hard work and plenty of it. It means that society must rally to plug up the holes in the social structure.

Religious training is the groundwork surely, but not alone will it achieve the end. We need positive work in crime prevention on the part of our young priests and our parishes and on the part of every constructive force within the social structure.

In other words, to prevent crime we must *move in* on crime.

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PATRIOTISM AND THE BONUS[1]

By FRANCIS J. MARTIN

THE OPPONENTS of the bonus have endeavored to arouse popular sentiment against paying the veterans the Adjusted Service Compensation by attacking their motives. They have insisted in season and out of season that the former soldiers and their organizations have been unpatriotic in demanding immediate payment of their service certificates. No less an authority than the President of the United States himself has declared that those who escaped unscathed from the World War have no more claim to consideration than the citizens who remained at home. The facts in the case have been entirely ignored and patriotism, the last refuge of the coward, has been invoked. It is high time that the entire situation be shown in its proper perspective and the truth be presented to the American people.

To argue that patriotism should influence the veterans in their attitude toward the bonus is to assume that patriotism was at stake during the war. To put forward the proposition in such light is merely to beg the question. Before condemning the veterans as unpatriotic their opponents must demonstrate beyond shadow of doubt that patriotism impelled the men to join the colors. That the very opposite is the truth is apparent to all that approach the question with unbiased minds.

In November, 1916, the Wilson administration was returned to power on the slogan: "He kept us out of war." On December 18, 1916, he declared: "Neither side has stated the object for which the war had been started." Yet within a month after his second inauguration he appeared before the Congress, urging that a state of war existed with Germany. Despite his solemn pledge to the people he plunged us into the European maelstrom. In December, 1916, he professed not to know what the war was about, but by April, 1917, he had transformed the conflict into a moral crusade for democracy, the rights and liberties of small nations. The reader is left to judge for himself whether it was patriotism that converted the defender of peace into the god of war.

The pretexts which the President presented to the Congress in April, 1917, may have had some meaning had they been urged after the sinking of the Lusitania in May, 1915, but they were the most hollow mockery in April, 1917. Even when the President was talking about the self-determination of small nations, many realized that this principle would not be applied to downtrodden Ireland. When Poland, Czechoslovakia and other peoples dominated by German or Austrian influence were mentioned, the President was very specific; whenever Ireland was discussed, he was strangely silent. He permitted the impression to spread that he would do as much for Ireland as any of the rest, but if we can judge his intentions by the aftermath, he was not one bit troubled by the sacrifices of Ireland. He more than any other man, not even excepting Lloyd George, must be held responsible for the Black and Tan outrages in Ireland. When our best interests were betrayed, it is ridiculous now to speak of patriotism.

Was patriotism the principle that motivated the measures by which we conducted the war? Consider how we raised our armies. After the first emotional feelings had subsided, the government was unable to raise enough soldiers by the volunteer system to conduct a first-class guerilla war in a small South American republic. Then it was that another rubber-stamp Congress sacrificed its prerogatives to obey an executive mandate. From the very commencement of the World War the welkin rang with the shouts of orators, who denounced the Prussian military system, yet as soon as it was discovered that the expected patriots did not rise to defend the flag, the conscription act was forced through the Congress. In those hectic days the man who dared say that through the so-called Selective Service Act our government was cramming down the throats of our people the doctrine of the Prussian military oligarchy was denounced as unpatriotic, as pro-German. In the sober dawn of reason, however, we cannot escape the conclusion that once the draft act was enacted into law, compulsion, not patriotism, became the order of the day.

The whole military régime to which our men were subjected was based not on patriotism, but on force. From good homes and peaceful occupations were they withdrawn and subjected to the tyranny of goose-step drill sergeants and self-important second lieutenants. For the conscripts little did it matter whether they wanted to be soldiers or not. Their only choice was between military service and jail. Did they protest against the system, they were derided as cowards. Did they resist forcibly the draft law, they were condemned to prison cells. In the years 1917 and 1918 more crimes were committed against patriotism than were perpetrated against liberty during the French Revolution.

Editors' Note: Considerable opposition was expressed to an article by Robert Withington, "The Veteran's Patriotism," which appeared in our issue of January 31. Since we believe in presenting both sides of moot questions, we are publishing Father Martin's paper, from most of which we dissent.

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Whatever notions of patriotism may have been distilled into their minds during the training-camp period, were immediately dispelled once they had landed on foreign shores. Even after the Armistice, with Germany broken and defeated, they were aroused from such miserable billets as they had at ungodly hours in the morning, amid the cold and muck, to march hours for the solution of a tactical problem or to furnish a field day for the Commander-in-Chief. In the mud and the rain they were set to repairing roads, while the French civilian and military population came to jeer and scoff them. Even the monthly pittance, doled out to them, was still further reduced by intimidating them into purchasing the misnamed "Liberty Bonds." The color of these bonds looked like gold dollars, yet curious to relate the survivors of the same administration that so vehemently exhorted citizens to patriotism in those days have now repudiated their former promises and forced us to accept in silver the gold they pledged.

If we accept the testimony of German authorities, we conclude that the morale of the enemy was broken by the pledges, which we had made through the Fourteen Points. Not having kept faith with our own people, our super-patriots could not be expected to redeem their promises to our enemies. The iniquitous Treaty of Versailles is ample evidence that our country had been betrayed by the very man who had taken the oath to defend it. Our soldiers, who were forced into the conscript army in 1917, did not know then, they have not been told since, why we engaged in the European war. Everything that has happened during the intervening years confirms the conviction that we sent men to fight and deliberately deceived them as to the purposes for which we forced them into the conflict. If such conduct be patriotism, then patriotism is no longer a virtue, but a vice.

The chief super-patriots from 1914 onward were some newspaper editors. They are the criminals who nourished their readers with the propaganda of hate and of lies. They are the miscreants who belabored every public man, like the elder LaFollette, who refused to swallow their poison. They are the scoundrels who transformed conscription into patriotism. Since the war they have been the most bitter opponents of the bonus. They seem not to realize, as do some others in high quarters, that by imposing the conscription law upon our citizens our government has incurred a solemn obligation in justice to reimburse the men whom they forced to fight against their will. The true patriot on the contrary will readily confess that the "baby bonds" are the price we must pay for the draft, the financial return we must make for setting aside genuine patriotism to rescue our British cousins and French aunts.

If all this evidence were not sufficient testimony, we have only to recall the conduct of our erstwhile associates. No sooner was the conflict ended on the Western front than the British government poured out its abundance to finance Winston Churchill's little wars; today it has mobilized in Egypt the largest military force that has gathered since the World War. Ever since Armistice Day France has been enlarging her own military equipment and subsidizing the puppet states that she has set up in Europe. Italy has found vast sums to embark on an expensive expedition against Ethiopia. None of them save little Finland can spare a penny from their armament projects to meet their just debts to the American people. With these facts in mind veterans rightly laugh at the hypocrisy of those editors and supposed statesmen that forced them into war to raise now the cry of patriotism. They are amused at the contrast between the huge outcry against the bonus and the supercilious acquiescence toward our former friends, who refuse semi-annually to repay the money they borrowed.

In the welter of confusion that has prevailed since October, 1929, no concerted effort has been made to teach the American people that the principal cause of the depression has been the vast expenditures we made to prosecute the war. They have not been properly impressed that the government, which in two years increased the national debt from $1,000,000,000 to $24,000,000,000, was preparing the deluge. Now the real cowards are revealed. They have not the courage to teach our people how unwise we were in 1917 to depart from the time-honored traditions of Washington and Jefferson; how they with their primitive methods of education, their scanty means of transportation and communication, had acquired deeper insight into the sinister purposes of European diplomats than any of their successors, even though they wrote historical treatises on the foundation of the republic. Financially the extra billions added to the national debt by the bonus may be a catastrophe, but patriotically this vast sum will be a cheap lesson, if from it we learn that the most disastrous course upon which our country ever embarked was to wage a war for the right of self-determination and the liberty of small nations!

The Dove

Strong on his wings the grey hawk walks to heaven.
The eagle mocks the storm from his crag above.
The white gull rides the hollows of the tide.
But who shall fear the dove?

She looks abroad from her shelter in the steeple.
Her home is the silver spire above the hill.
Peace blooms and blossoms in green valleys below her
And her eyes are still.

CHARLES MALAM.

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EDUARD BENES

By O. FORST DE BATTAGLIA

AS WAS to have been expected and as every well-informed observer was sure would be the outcome, the Bohemian peasant's son, Eduard Benes, elected by an overwhelming majority of the Czech National Assembly, follows the Slovak peasant's son, Masaryk, as President of the state which he and Masaryk created. Once more, and this time in competition for the Grand Prize, the late Foreign Minister has proved his supreme diplomatic shrewdness.

It was common to remark concerning his chief antagonists, the Habsburgs, that they were always an idea, an army or a moment behind time; but the contrary is true of Benes. He has always been the one to conceive the fruitful idea, he has always contrived to be backed by the forces which guaranteed success—they were not necessarily soldiers in arms—and most important of all, he has always picked the proper moment: once, more than two decades ago, to destroy the old Austria and assure the independence of the Czech nation; then, after the peace, to placate the new nation's former enemies; now, to be lifted on the shield by public enemies and secret antagonists and to enter the royal castle on the Hradschin in triumph.

Hereafter, doubtless, Benes will have the hardest task he has ever faced, the task of replacing what he has destroyed, by his own new structure.

For therein lies the great significance, the European significance, of the election in Vladislav Hall in Prague. From now on (and if nothing unexpected happens, for fourteen years) a man will officiate as head of the Czechoslovak republic, and not simply as a decorative figure, who will direct all the stubbornness of his will, all the inexhaustible resources of his agile intelligence, to the Danubian confederation, to the uniting of the states and the peoples of Europe's geographical heart. He will work for a political and economic alliance which will replace the Habsburg monarchy by a Little Entente enlarged by Austria and Hungary and which, with the addition of the Balkan Alliance, will reach to the southeastern extremity of Europe, so that it will become a very Large Entente indeed.

And Prague is to be its capital; this alliance under Czech hegemony is to become the nucleus of a still greater union, the Pan-Europe of the future.

The commanding statesman who will put every ounce of his capacity into this undertaking came from small beginnings, it is true, but he has had scholarly training, and there is nothing small about him any longer. He has been reproached with opportunism. But if he has been an opportunist, it has been in the service of his two controlling ideas, the saving of the often-imperiled Czechoslovak state, and its entrance into a Danubian confederation which in its turn may grow into a Pan-Europe guarantor of peace.

In order to protect both these ideas from formidable enemies, Benes has not hesitated to choose his allies where he could find them. The thoroughly bourgeois National Socialist—in spite of this deceptive party name, an unqualified radical after the French pattern—consummated, not without a certain emotional sympathy with the great Slav sister, it is true, a close alliance with the Soviets. And this same radical, unmoved by the indignation of the irreconcilable anti-Church element, made a pact with the Catholic Church, drawing a thick black line through the youthful anti-clerical follies of the Czechoslovak republic.

So it came about that Benes, strong with the support of the Radical Labor party and at the same time with that of all the Catholic groups, was forced upon the hesitating, reluctant democratic-liberal bourgeois Center. They dared not set up in opposition to the powerful personality, the world-famous name, the historically accredited services of Eduard Benes, any one of their worthy nonentities. Although a convinced champion of democracy, to which he owes everything and which in its turn will eventually have a great deal to thank him for, the new President appears in the light of a leader sent to the state at a crucial moment by Providence, very much like his American colleague, Roosevelt.

Benes is fifty-one years old, but he preserves the perfect intellectual freshness and the youthful vigor of a young man; yet he already has behind him a quarter-century of public activity which belongs unquestionably to great history. In the years immediately before the war he had rapidly acquired a distinguished reputation as a sociologist and with it the unlimited confidence of Masaryk. When the latter began his activity abroad, Benes was the real leader of the "Maffia," that secret organization which, in constant underground touch with the émigrés, prepared the overturn at home and smuggled the needed information across the border. Benes himslf made his adventurous escape across the Swiss frontier just as the authorities were planning to treat him as they had treated the imprisoned Kramar.

Arrived in Paris, Eduard Benes became the soul of the Czech National Council which operated from that city. He was first their General Secretary, and when the organization became a government recognized by the Entente, Benes became its Foreign Minister. He held this position uninterruptedly for seventeen years, until his election as President. For only one short period, in 1921 and 1922, was Benes head of the government; the rest of the time he was, as far as the country's domestic politics was concerned, only an observer. He devoted his entire skill to the diplomatic protection of the state, a state which has no natural boundaries, and which, in view of the military superiority of two uncomfortable neighbors, is in a large degree dependent on the political sagacity of the Foreign Minister.

Benes not only maintained as the cardinal principle of his policy an extremely cordial friendship with France; he was able also, in spite of the friction which now and then developed between Paris and the other occidental great powers, to remain on excellent terms with Great Britain and Italy. The Little Entente, Benes's personal achievement, furnished the natural frame for the close alliance with the racially related Jugoslavia and the neigh-

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bor Rumania. Under Benes and thanks to him, the Czechs have come out better with Austria than might under the circumstances have been expected. He was even able to lessen the tension between his country and Hungary. A few months ago an interview with a representative of the Budapest "Est" was interpreted as a friendly gesture from Benes toward his country's bitterest enemy—and it bore fruit in the votes of the Hungarian delegates for Benes in the Prague Parliament.

He failed of a degree of success with only two states—Germany and Poland. Although Benes has been so painfully correct toward the Third Reich that his attitude has approached obsequiousness he is decidedly unpopular with the German government; not only because he is tolerant of the Jews and is himself a Democrat, but especially for two reasons: because he had made the Czechoslovak republic a military outpost of Russia, and because there was a possibility that his plans for a Danubian confederation would prove an effective obstacle to the Anschluss. The enmity of Poland, on the other hand, is not directed against Benes personally; it is the necessary outgrowth of a fundamental conflict of interests between the two West Slav states. So that the new President bequeaths to his successor in the Foreign Office—the two prospects are Krofts and Osusky, with Hodza, President of the Council of Ministers, holding the post provisionally—the task of conciliating Czechoslovakia's northern neighbors.

This My Heart Knows

Here where my heart, at ease, allows
A latitude in all its vows,
And fed at will from ready fruit
Flags from the fever of pursuit,

It greets with an accustomed glance,
Inapprehensive of mischance,
The sight that fresher should be found
Than wind to one lost underground.

But yet, if in some changeful day
There should befall a place or way
Where these familiar things should be
As alien as eternity

To its finite demand, the heart
Would feel its sinews split apart,
Would thirst with such a dry desire
That all its blood would cry as fire

And through the night the ear would mark
A stricken bell that in the dark
Would bring before the straining sight
The priest, the wine, the altar-light,

And in the hush hands would raise up
To my starved gaze the lifted cup
And I should find, when I arose,
I breathed again. This my heart knows.

JOSEPHINE JACOBSEN.

FIVE DARK LIGHTHOUSES

By WALTER HAVIGHURST

IT WAS two years ago that the United States Lighthouse Service first offered for sale a number of abandoned lights on the Maine coast. The bidding was held and the lights remained the property of Uncle Sam; the bids were too small. Again, this past summer, a list of lights was offered, this time with an upset price to discourage bargain hunters. The bids came in to the Superintendent of the 1st District at Portland, ranging from $1.25 to $4,100. Now they are sold, and the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey Charts are minus five noble flashes and five fine names: Hendricks Head, Tenants Harbor, Narraguagus, Doubling Point, Blue Hill Bay.

There are two reasons for the darkness in those towers that marked for generations the lonely capes and rugged promontories of the most tortuous shoreline in the world. At some points the tended stations have been replaced by automatic beacons; others have been entirely abandoned because of diminished coastal shipping. Now the lobster fishermen who chug, chug, at dusk past Dogfish Head must find their way unlighted. And the cod and halibut smacks that head in from beyond the Cuckolds must do without the white six-second flashing and the foghorn's moan.

Of course the tall Maine clippers have not come leaning through the narrows for three generations, and even the familiar Maine schooners have not really belonged to twentieth-century commerce. But until ten years ago the Eastern Steamship Company ran big overnight boats from Boston to the Maine resorts. And until five years ago there were not infrequent tankers and coal barges and schooners loaded high with lumber, bound up from Boston or heading down from Halifax.

Even that, however, was before the big arch bridge was flung across the Kennebec at Bath. It was before U. S. Number 1 was streaming with cars bearing the license plates of every state from Key West to Puget Sound. Now the overnight boats are gone and big trucks carry codfish down to Boston, and the streaming headlights on U. S. Number 1 are a reason for the darkness at Hendricks Head, Tenants Harbor, Narraguagus, Doubling Point and Blue Hill Bay.

Of course there is still an occasional three-master with patched sails and a deckload of Nova Scotia pine. Sometimes an oil barge creeps past Fishermen's Island. A stubby packet steamer churns through the narrows once a week. And there are countless sailing yachts and motor cruisers. But these have other navigation aids, and they are not reason enough to keep the lights flashing on those lonely points.

The lights are gone. They were a part of the old maritime life of Maine that made Bath and Rockland and Boothbay Harbor familiar names in ports 10,000 miles away, and they will not blaze again. Now the Bath shipyards are silent and only the ghosts of old clippers soar above the mossy ways. Besides the rotting wharf at Wiscasset two schooners lie water-logged and listing.

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Children climb over the empty deck houses and swing on ropes that dangle from the spars. In Boothbay Harbor there is a whole fleet of schooners, big, strong four- and five-masted vessels. They are still solid and nearly watertight, and they catch at your breath when you come over the hill and see their spars spaced in the sky. But they are slowly rotting in the mud. They were built not twenty years ago, in wartime, when anything that had a keel would pay for itself in a single voyage. Their masts are Oregon fir, because the great Maine pines were gone fifty years before. But they are Maine-built and they look at home in that Maine harbor. Now they are for sale at $25,000, one-fifth of their cost. And there are no buyers.

So, on five points the towers are dark. The wind blows down the channel and a grey dawn breaks over the Cranberry Isles. The fog drifts in unchanged, the ropey Maine fog with a northeast driving, but there are no foghorns sounding at Hendricks Head, Tenants Harbor, Narraguagus, Doubling Point and Blue Hill Bay.

There is Hendricks Head. It is on the lower arm of Southport Island and its twin point is Dogfish Head. Cozy Harbor lies opposite and the Cuckolds and the Hippocrites stand out to sea. The spume blows on the rocks beneath the light, and boiling on the ledges the tide comes sure as time. Over the grassy headland wild strawberries grow, warm and sweet with sun, and checkerberries red as Christmas. The field is starred with the same bright flowers that Leif Ericson took back to Christiania—meadow rue and hardhack, mayweed and the evening primrose. And for twenty miles up the Sheepscott the tide runs flashing in October. The last keeper of the light was born there sixty years ago; his father had the light before him. His earliest memory, from the time he lay in a hand-hewn crib, is the six-second wash of light across the bedroom wall, and his most familiar sound is the foghorn's groaning. Now his sons are garage mechanics in Portland. They service the stream-lined cars that speed north on U. S. Number 1.

Tenants Harbor stands midway between Owls Head and Monhegan. These were tall-shafted lights, leaping their twenty miles to signal in the same grand single syllable through every darkness. Now Tenants Harbor is a lifeless tower, though the rest is there. The wind still makes a roaring in the spruce wood and the tide is the tireless wash of time where the dark tangled seaweed veils the ledges. There still lives the Owls Head flashing and the sweeping answer of Monhegan out in the windy darkness of the Atlantic. But at Tenants Harbor the shaft is dark. There is no clangor from the bell tower, and beneath the dark dwelling the oil house and the boat house huddle like stones.

Then there is Narraguagus. At one time red Indians were fishing from those rocks. Here the first stern-faced company from Lincolnshire gazed landward with a wondering hope. They planted their town and in the woods by a fresh water lake they built a big dark ice house and froze their fish for keeping. And here on Pond Island they raised the lighted tower when the proud Maine vessels had found a fairway to the sea. But now the big four-masters no longer load yellow spruce for Cartagena, and the tall Bath clippers never come leaning through the straits with a monkey in the rigging and the holds full of Ceylon tea and bales of China silk.

Across from Fiddlers Reach and guarding Fiddlers Ledge is Doubling Point, where the tide rip makes a swirl and eddy between the islands. Here the sober Maine seals, those quaint people of the sea, bob up every evening to study the dark light-tower with their bright eyes. A mother with her child slides off the rocks and all night in the moonlight, while the June tide runs silver, they sleep in the arms of the slow-swinging seas. In the morning the lean shadow of a heron flies up from Fiddlers Ledge. A kingfisher dives, swift as sight, for a crab.

At Blue Hill Bay the evening tide comes in with that fluid light which is all colors and no color, and Blue Hill tower stands firm and dark against a paling sky. Lifted into the waning daylight color is the great bulk and shadow of Mt. Desert. All the way from Dark Harbor to Seal Cove the sea is strewn with islands. Darkness gathers them slowly and there is no sweep and flash from Blue Hill Bay. The lenses do not turn in the tower; the lantern is a part of the 1st District's inventory at Portland. Now the keeper runs a mackerel smack and his "snug-haired" dog lies on a doorstep in a summer village wondering why the night is not swept by a revolving whiteness.

Of course there are other lights. In the cold November dusk, and in the long June twilight, they come alive with their old comfort and permanence, their red and white flashing. Overhead the first white stars of night, and along the rocky corridors of the sea the strong stars that man has planted—Portland Head, the Cuckolds, Pemaquid, Owls Head, Wood End, Prospect Harbor, Seguin, Halibut Rocks, Monhegan. They belong, like Aldebaran and the Pleiades, to the geography of night. All the way from Kittery to Calais, Maine wears this necklace. But there are five dark places in it.

"Things ain't the same," the lobster fishermen say around the stove in Virgil Snowman's general store on Southport Island. "Things change. You can't say why they change, but they change all right. And likely they'll go right on changing."

It was beginning a hundred years ago when Nathaniel Hawthorne looked out from the Salem Customs House at the waning shipping in the old port of Salem. It had arrived plainly fifty years ago when the first New York and Boston tourists found South Berwick and Kennebunkport, and the first sea captain's widow took boarders for the summer. So the summer hotel replaced the shipyards, the spars of yacht club sloops rode where the tall Maine ships had been. On the rocky headlands the beacons guided a diminishing fleet, while out in the sea lanes, bound for the big harbors of New York and Boston, the steamers trailed their flags of smoke.

Now comes one more change in the changing face of Maine. It was inevitable, and it is linked very closely to the swift steam of motor cars on U. S. Number 1. The white road is swept with racing lights, but there is darkness at Hendricks Head, Tenants Harbor, Narraguagus, Doubling Point and Blue Hill Bay.

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Seven Days' Survey

The Church.—Despite persistent rumors in the secular press, the N.C.W.C. reports that the Holy Father is in "absolutely good health." * * * The House of Representatives Committee on the Library has adopted a report urging a national observance of the 200th anniversary of the birth of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Catholic signer of the Declaration of Independence. * * * On the first Thursday of every month there is an appropriate broadcast from Lisieux, France, in honor of Saint Teresa of Lisieux (1873-1897), "The Little Flower." * * * The Most Reverend James A. Walsh, Superior General of the Catholic Foreign Missionary Society of America, died, April 14, at Maryknoll, New York, at the age of sixty-seven. Bishop Walsh was the last of the original founders of the Maryknoll order. * * * A pamphlet recently issued by the Missionary Union of the Clergy at New York, states that there are ten countries with 190,000,000 inhabitants which are closed to the spread of Christianity. The best known are Russia, Arabia and Afghanistan. * * * The Correspondence Catechism Course inaugurated last year by Bishop Edward J. Kelly of Boise, Idaho, has met with signal success. Not only has it proved indispensable for children who because of distance or expense are unable to reach church regularly, but it has led to considerable family study of Christian doctrine and numerous requests for books for non-Catholics. * * * The Bishop of Valence, France, recently supervised the exhumation of the well-preserved body of Guy de Fontgalland, who died in 1924 at the age of eleven, after a saintly life marked by great devotion to the Blessed Eucharist. This concludes the informative process in the cause of Guy's beatification, for which 2,250,000 persons have already petitioned the Holy Father. * * * April 29 is the 100th anniversary of the approval by Gregory XVI of the Society of Mary, the Marist Order, founded by Venerable Jean Claude Marie Colin. * * * One hundred and one mystery plays, portraying Christ's life and crucifixion, are being given in different parts of France this year.

The Nation.—The House Appropriations Committee was preparing a deficiency bill for relief and other activities carrying an appropriation of $2,318,689,840. There would be $1,500,000,000 for relief besides $246,000,000 for the CCC. Up to February 29—during the first two-thirds of the present fiscal year—actual relief expenses were $2,210,000,000. On that date 3,853,000 had relief employment with the government: 3,039,000 or 80 per-cent on WPA; 459,000 or 12 percent in CCC; 355,000 or 8 percent on projects under other federal agencies. * * * The Norris-Rayburn bill continuing a Rural Electrification Administration, having passed the Senate, passed the House in almost the same form. The REA will have $410,000,000 to loan during the next ten years, half for building transmission lines and buying generators, and half for the individual installation of wiring and fixtures. * * * The residence bill, passed by New York Aldermen, which would require all employees in social and relief agencies to be residents of the city, was being contested in every possible way. Its enforcement would result, it was claimed, in the discharge of numerous present employees, the isolation of the city services from the rest of the country, and retaliatory measures by other cities * * * The American naval governor of the Samoan Islands reported that after thirty-five years of American occupation it is still impossible to make natives interest themselves in public affairs or ordinary work. "Our policy—no alienation of lands and no exploitation of natives—has been rigidly adhered to." * * * San Francisco waterfront employers suspended relations with the union which fought the great strike of 1934, charging the union did not follow agreed rules. The union called it a lock-out. It was met as the long-expected show-down in the maritime situation along the Pacific, and perhaps all around the country. * * * The Lobby Investigation Committee showed that the same group of men supported with large contributions the Liberty League, the Crusaders, and the Farmers Independent Council of America. The committee tried to hook them all up with the Republican party.

The Wide World.—A serious crisis followed the convocation of the League Committee of Thirteen, when in reply to Mr. Eden's demand that Italy give some tangible assurances of its willingness to make peace with Ethiopia the spokesmen for France expressed the view that the desirable thing was an armistice followed by a lifting of all sanctions. M. Flandin at the same time proposed that an alliance between the four Locarno powers against Germany ought to be formed immediately. To this the British would not assent. Meanwhile Italy, said to be proud of the military successes gained, evaded every question concerning her intentions. So bitter was the strife that many Paris papers advocated French withdrawal from Geneva, which Count d'Ormesson described as a place of dangers created by "splitting of hairs into thirteen or eighteen." In London, prior to an important Cabinet meeting, newspapers discussed the possibility that the Suez Canal would be closed to traffic. * * * In Ethiopia, there was no doubting the advantages gained by the forces commanded by Marshal Badoglio. The Fascist flag was raised in the Lake Tana district, which is under British influence; and denials that gas was being used formed part of the propaganda employed by Rome. At Addis Ababa the report was that large bodies of reservist troops were being organized for service at the front. Dispatches said that an Italian advance guard had reached Dessye, the town which controls the Sudan caravan routes. * * * French public opinion was sorely divided. Strong Leftist sentiment favored commitment against all Fascist régimes,

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but there was little hope that so definite a policy would meet with general support. The Right was just as firmly convinced that only common cause with Italy would guarantee the best interests of France. A moderate group, rallied about M. Laval, favored reaching an understanding with Germany. * * * Tension between Japan and Russia was more noticeable than ever, with further reports of clashes along the Mongolian border and diplomatic tiffs in Tokyo. Numerous observers clambered out on the proverbial limb and asserted that the coming war would start just west of Manchukuo. It was stated that large groups of Chinese soldiers had been pouring into the regions just south of the disputed boundary. * * * The Austrian government announces that *Ferienkurse* for foreigners will be conducted at Salzburg during the coming summer. Included are instruction in the German language, lectures on the history and government of Austria, and initiation into the art and music of the country. Information can be secured by addressing the Austrian Office, Rockefeller Center, New York. Salzburg has now become a center of German cultural activity rivaled by no other city in the world. * * * No news has been received as yet concerning the fate of Monsignor Ludwig Wolker, director of the German Catholic Youth organizations, and his companions. They were arrested many weeks ago for activity against the State, so that it is feared charges of high treason may be brought against them in the uncertain future.

* * * *

Preparations for Peace.—Speaking in Washington in the beautiful Pan-American Union building, during the program there in celebration of Pan-American Day, Secretary of State Hull said that the nations of the Western Hemisphere may well envisage as their contribution to world peace their own peaceable efforts to perfect agencies for "conciliation, arbitration and mediation" for the settlement of international affairs. The program for the revitalizing of international commerce through the negotiation of reciprocal trade agreements, he characterized as "one of the essentials" to peace, namely "the economic well-being of the nations." "It is only necessary," he said, "to take a cursory glance at the situation prevailing throughout the world to be convinced that the republics of the Western Hemisphere are living under fortunate circumstances. In marked contrast with the atmosphere of insecurity, uncertainty and fear today prevalent in so many sections of the world, the picture presented by the American republics is one that may well fill us with pride and inspire us to further effort. Let it not be supposed for a moment that difficult and delicate questions have not arisen between the American republics and that such questions will not arise in the future. The real difference is in the atmosphere in which they are treated, the spirit in which they are approached and the deeply rooted desire of the nations of America to preserve the peace of the continent. During the last sixty years, not less than thirty-two boundary disputes have been settled by peaceful means." Adjustment of the boundary dispute between Colombia and Peru and termination of the Chaco war between Bolivia and Paraguay, were cited as the latest fruits of the Pan-American efforts for conciliation, arbitration and mediation. Earlier in the week cordial acceptances from several Latin American nations were received for President Roosevelt's proposed inter-American conference at Buenos Aires.

Campaign Progress.—As we go to press Governor Landon is still in the lead in the race for the Republican nomination. Colonel Knox managed to stay in the contest by winning the popular preference primary test in Illinois, April 14, over Senator Borah. In Nebraska on the same day the Idaho senator was unopposed in the primaries. The great majority of the Republican delegates to the nominating convention in June will be uninstructed and, since none of the three leading candidates can possibly muster any sizable proportion of the total 1,001 votes, observers are predicting the nomination of a "dark horse" despite Mr. Borah's efforts to get other candidates to contest the various primaries. The most striking result of the primaries thus far is the strong showing of the Democrats, who more than doubled the vote for Senator Borah in the Wisconsin primary, April 7, and in Illinois a week later secured the largest vote they had ever received in the state's primaries, surpassing the Republicans by more than 400,000 votes. Democrats considered these as most hopeful signs. Another interesting development was the announcement, April 9, that the Republicans had chosen a band of nine fairly well-known college professors and fifty research assistants to prepare a thorough analysis of the New Deal for the benefit of the party's campaign orators. Chairman Henry P. Fletcher declared in issuing this announcement, "Our purpose is to supply the public with full and accurate information, well documented, from which they can draw their own conclusions."

Communism in New York.—That being on relief is a good preparatory course for radical indoctrination is a commonplace in most European societies. The situation in New York has been analyzed by Mr. Allen Raymond, special writer for the *Herald Tribune,* in articles from which the following conclusions emerge: that the Communist strength is still very unimpressive, considering all the noise that has been made; that counter-organizations have rallied numerous supporters; that the best organizers are Irishmen; and that the propaganda output is more impressive for quantity than for quality. "Allowing for the inaccuracy of partizan boasting," we are told, "the Communist party has at last succeeded in organizing six unions of persons receiving relief or administering it, with a strength for street demonstrations of about 6,000 to 10,000 people and a nominal membership of nearly 30,000." How many of these are recruited from circles violently opposed to "Fascism" in all its forms, the author does not say. The literary efforts of the malcontents are unending. Of interest is this assertion: "One outstanding characteristic of the publications which do not say they are Communist, but are issued by the groups allied with

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the Communists, is the space they devote to advocating the same things which the Communist press is advocating. Another is the fact that many of them are printed on the same paper and in the same type as the Communist publications, and that the trade union labels and addresses show that they come from the same print shops." Possibly the chief claim is that "capitalistic society" owes everyone on relief his board and keep, plus a few extras—in itself not an especially anti-social declaration. One form taken by Communist activism is the noisome demonstration against relief administrators and all who are politically concerned in the procuring or distributing of checks or jobs. This has called to the fore any number of curious but efficient spellbinders. Some of them are sketched by Mr. Allen in a literary manner worth noting.

Non-Catholic Religious Activities.—Despite uneven weather conditions, interdenominational sunrise services were attended by throngs of worshipers in various parts of the country, Easter Sunday. In a natural amphitheatre in the Wichita Mountains of Oklahoma 100,000 persons from seventeen states witnessed a twenty-four-scene sunrise tableau of the nativity, death and resurrection of the Saviour, which was presented by a cast of 2,500. In Philadelphia 50,000 people attended a service in the Temple University stadium conducted by Dr. Ross Stover, pastor of Messiah Lutheran Church, and 20,000 more gathered at Franklin Field for a service conducted by Dr. Weaver K. Eubank, pastor of the Ninth Presbyterian Church. In California Dr. Harold Proppe, pastor of the Hollywood First Baptist Church, led a congregation of 25,000 in another sunrise service. Similar services were held in several centers throughout the nation. * * * At the close of the first annual Methodist students' conference at Oklahoma City University, April 5, a resolution was unanimously adopted favoring the uniting of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the Methodist Protestant Church. * * * On April 13, Dr. Everett R. Clinchy of the National Conference of Jews and Christians, Rabbi Morris S. Lazaron of Baltimore and Reverend Michael J. Ahern, S. J., of Weston College, Weston, Massachusetts, left Washington together for Pittsburgh to begin a six-weeks nation-wide tour in the interest of interfaith cooperation.

Relief through Industry.—The Council for Industrial Progress reported to the President a plan to expand and popularize the Reconstruction Finance Corporation in some such way as the Federal Housing Administration was developed. Evidence shows that more than half of employment is furnished by small companies and that the activity of these is severely hampered by lack of working capital, and that "small enterprises do not, in a large measure, fall within the class of loans that are considered good banking practise." The council wants the RFC to loan money at low rates for long periods to this class business, and it wants it to push this activity by establishing sub-branches throughout the country and by undertaking a publicity campaign. In New York, the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor recommended a more radical plan to affect unemployment by encouraging private business. Concerning public works it said: "Either such employment produces useful goods and services in demand by the community, in which case it comes into direct competition with the normal producing and consuming economic organization of the community and therefore obstructs rather than speeds up its functioning; or it is engaged in the creation of public works (parks, playgrounds, roads, etc.) and public services, the maintenance of which costs more than the country's present income will stand. . . . If this be the case, might it not be more in accord with sound economy to attempt to encourage employment through all the normal channels, both private and public, by offering some form of reward to employers to increase the volume of employment?"

Anti-union.—Before the Senate Committee on Labor and Education witnesses charged industrial management with hiring at wholesale industrial spies and strike-breakers. Most damaging were reports of Heber Blankenhorn, economist of the National Labor Relations Board, who named a blue book of American industry as clients of the great espionage firms or purchasers of military equipment for industrial war. United States Steel and many independents, United Fruit, Firestone and Goodrich Rubber, Ford, Pennsylvania-Greyhound Bus, Cudahy Packing were in the long list. He was reported one day as saying that the Pinkerton, Burns and Thiel Detective Agencies have recently had enrolled 135,000 industrial operatives and have been collecting $60,000,000 a year. Another day he said American industry regularly pays $80,000,000 a year for 40,000 spies. Shipments of all sorts of armaments to plants threatened with labor troubles were reported, information have been obtained in large part from the Nye munitions inquiry. William Green told of a spy in Savannah working himself to president of the Central Labor Council and vice-president of the Georgia Federation of Labor. A Pinkerton man in the Fruehauf Trailer plant in Detroit became treasurer of the union and decamped with the union funds. During the building service strike in New York a spy of the famous Bergoff firm tried to stampede a union meeting into undertaking a general strike. The American Confidential Bureau, Inc., was defending itself in New York courts for its activities in the same strike. It is charged with not paying its strikebreakers and with hiring men with prison records. Many of the firms issued denials to the charge of buying arms specifically for strike troubles, and some of them to the accusation of espionage.

Death by Air.—"The complaint you hear so frequently just now that ours has become a government of men, not laws, is really all wet," writes Mr. Frank A. Tichenor, editor, in his signed editorial in aviation's principal trade journal, *Aero Digest*. "Ours has become a government of parasites, not men. Would God they were men—decent, honorable, courageous men! Their great purpose in public life is to entrench themselves in power by attaching themselves to the bloodstream of private enterprise and thereby nourishing their henchmen with jobs.

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They are the most vicious enemy facing aviation today. For in aviation they see the kind of vital, growing organism which wets their gluttonous appetite most. If they can but sink their fangs into it now, then as aviation grows—as they know it inevitably must—they can bleed it for all it is worth." The leading article in the current issue of the magazine describes some of the evidence brought out by the Senate Subcommittee on Commerce which is investigating fatal mishaps of American air transportation in recent months. Mr. Carl Dolan, technical assistant to the committee, testified that over 90 percent of the airline operators were "in the red" and "that they flew 50,000,000 miles last year, only to lose $.08 a mile, or the staggering sum of $4,000,000." He further pointed out that aviation safety was a divided responsibility between the airlines, with their equipment and personnel, and the Bureau of Air Commerce, with their navigational aids. "Mr. Dolan went on to testify that Department of Commerce radio stations reporting failure of radio range equipment (during the past decade) were from 43 to 60 percent for the various districts," yet the Department of Commerce which investigates air fatalities has never attributed one of these to its own Air Bureau. Air line operators testified that many of the Department of Commerce radio beams are as many as sixty miles off course; beams frequently go out of order for a day or more; beacon lights are too low powered; and weather reports are frequently wrong through negligence.

Catholic University Rector.—The Catholic University announces that its new Rector is to be Right Reverend Monsignor Joseph M. Corrigan, hitherto Rector of St. Charles Borromeo Seminary, Overbrook, Philadelphia. Following the appointment of Bishop James Hugh Ryan to the See of Omaha, there ensued a delay of several months during which the Holy See considered the various candidates proposed for the office. Monsignor Corrigan, widely known as an orator and a pastoral theologian, is an active and studious leader who brings to his new work the fruits of a wide experience with men. Born in Philadelphia and to a considerable extent educated there, he followed courses leading to the Doctor of Divinity degree at the North American College, Rome. Later he was active in parish work and especially in missionary endeavors among Italian immigrants. His appointment to St. Charles's Seminary as professor was made public in 1918, and seven years later he was named rector of the institution. The best wishes of the American clergy and laity will go with him to Brookland. No one doubts that the Catholic University is a great American Catholic educational opportunity. The religious houses affiliated with it alone constitute one of the most impressive academic groupments in the New World, and both the regular graduate department and the more recently established undergraduate departments have thriven. Unfortunately the financial endowment has been far less impressive than that of numerous minor establishments. Everyone will hope that the new Rector will meet with active response to any pleas for assistance he may choose to make.

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Moon Power.—Objections, diligently fostered by the Republican party, to big expenditures on federal public works not specifically authorized by Congress, which have so far blocked appropriations for the Florida Ship Canal, are now directed against the Passamaquoddy tidal power project. This is the first salt water hydroelectric plant ever undertaken. The very Republican New York *Herald Tribune* ran special articles describing the work at "Quoddy," at the northern tip of the Maine coast. The plan is to create a "high level pool," thirty-seven square miles in area, by connecting two promontories and four islands with five dams, the greatest 3,800 feet long, and the second, 3,400 feet long, ranging to the maximum depth of 150 feet. Twenty-five thirty-foot sluices as filling gates and one navigation lock would be built. The average difference between high and low tides at this corner of the Bay of Fundy is eighteen feet, and the power generators would work while there would be a five-foot drop between the pool and the ocean—an average of fourteen hours a day. Production would be 330,000,000 kilowatt hours per year. A supplementary plant to turn out necessary energy when the salt water would not be flowing would cost $3,000,000. Already $7,000,000 have been committed to Quoddy through executive action, and $5,000,000 spent. The total cost is now estimated at about $40,000,000. A model village of 130 buildings has been built, and three barracks for relief workers. Top employment has been 5,400, and 3,000 are on payrolls now. A big construction drive awaits, wastefully, congressional settlement. Defenders of the project insist that it is thoroughly economical and that its completion would bring industry to the region. Senator Vandenberg charges that either steam or river plants in the district would be much cheaper, that the power will be too expensive to compete where it is needed, and that there is no market for the power anywhere around Quoddy.

The Human Dynamo.—Extension of the scientific findings reported in these columns on April 10, about the probable function of electricity in the physical processes of human life and of such thought that is expressed in nervous and muscular activity, was amplified by the announcement of Professor Edwin J. Cohn, of the Harvard Medical School, at the meeting of the American Chemical Society in Kansas City, that the giant protein molecules of the body are "living dynamos." In another sense, they are comparable to chemical batteries. These molecules, which are from 34,000 to 5,000,000 times larger than the hydrogen atom, are the principal elements of the protoplasm, which in turn is the principal constituent of living matter. On one end, said Professor Cohn, they carry a positive charge and on the other end are electrically negative. Mr. William L. Laurence, in the New York *Times,* summarized Professor Cohn's findings as follows: "While the opposite charges make the molecules neutral, they nevertheless have been found to exert a profound effect in the generation of the small electrical currents which are believed to be intermediaries between the realms of mind and matter, linking the material and the immaterial, the tangible and the intangible."

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The Play and Screen

Gilbert and Sullivan Again

AS WE can't have the D'Oyley Carte Opera Company with us every season, it is with heartfelt pleasure that we welcome back the artists tried and true who had been giving New York and the rest of the country its Gilbert and Sullivan before the coming of the Savoyards. Of course first and foremost there is William Danforth, and once again in the company's opening "Mikado" he appears in the title part. As the Mikado Mr. Danforth knows no superior and probably no equal either among the Savoyards or out of them. With him still singing "My Object All Sublime," America does not bow to England; indeed the salutation ought to be the other way round. William Danforth is and always has been America's supreme Mikado, and I have a suspicion if he had ever gone to London he would have been England's too. Vera Ross is again the Katisha, and her contralto knows no equal today in the Gilbertian repertory. Frank Moulan's Ko-Ko is his best part. In it he is not unworthy of mention beside the Ko-Ko of Martin Green. Higher praise than that no Gilbertian artist can receive. Herbert Waterous is his old ponderous Pooh-Bah, Roy Cropper sings Nanki-Poo with considerable effectiveness, and there is a new artist in the part of Pish-Tush, and this time the real thing, at least in race. George Hirose is a Japanese, and when his knowledge of Gilbertian style equals his voice he ought to be very good indeed. At present he is too serious, and if in this he may well be the real Japanese noble lord, the real thing in art is rarely the real thing in life. Vivian Hart is as vivacious a Yum-Yum as she ever has been, and sings "The Moon and I" very well indeed, even though at times her upper notes in forte passages sounded shrill. The chorus, especially that of the men, is excellent. Indeed the only serious adverse criticism can be as to the quality of the orchestra. This could be improved and ought to be. The size of the opening audiences ought to encourage the company's producer, Mr. S. M. Chartock, a name new to the Gilbertian public. (At the Majestic Theatre.)

On Your Toes

"ON YOUR TOES" is distinctly cleverer in idea and book than the usual musical show, and outside some lapses of taste and some unpleasant innuendo in the lyrics, it is on the whole an enjoyable show, especially in the opening scenes showing the hoofer's dressing-room and later the young hoofer grown up into a music teacher, and giving his class a lesson in the great composers. This scene possesses real originality and shows what Richard Rodgers, Lorenz Hart and George Abbott, who wrote the book, and Mr. Hart, who also wrote the lyrics, are capable of when they turn their attention seriously to satire. Amusing, too, are the take-offs of the Russian Ballet with the choreography of George Balanchine just near enough to the real thing to be screamingly funny. And the final scene, "The Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" ballet, superbly danced by Ray Bolger, Tamara Geva and George Church, is by turn tragically *macabre* and hilariously farcical. The honors of the evening go to Ray Bolger, both as a dancer and an actor. Mr. Bolger is a comedian and a magnificent dancer, and one who has intelligence and taste. He knows the value of understatement and underplaying, and yet when called upon he can be as farcically abandoned as any master of the slapstick. He is well seconded by Luella Gear, Monty Woolley, Tamara Geva and Doris Carson. Mr. Woolley in particular, it is his first appearance as an actor, gives promise of becoming a really outstanding figure. He has intelligence, authority and distinction. The chorus is excellent, and the staging of Worthington Miner and the settings of Jo Mielziner add much to the success of the show. (At the Imperial Theatre.)

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Mr. Deeds Goes to Town

CLARENCE BUDDINGTON KELLAND'S *American Magazine* serialization can lay no claim to distinction as outstanding screen material, but it does serve well as a medium for refreshing amusement through the combination of logical hilarity, satire and light romance. Director Frank Capra, Scenarist Robert Riskin, Star Gary Cooper and a carload of comedians contribute equally, moving swiftly in a series of escapades involving a sensitive, sensible, mildly positive small-town tuba-player who inherits some $20,000,000 and suddenly bobs up in New York surrounded by a horde of reporters, photographers, double-crossing attorneys, chiselers, body-guards and whatnot. Especially amusing is the climactic defense by the rich lad of insanity charges that highlight a campaign conducted by parasitic relatives who seek to curtail his dissipation of the fortune.

The Unguarded Hour

LORETTA YOUNG and Franchot Tone, with Roland Young and Lewis Stone, work well together in this dramatically interesting, closely-knit play by Ladislaus Fodor, in which a prosecuting attorney and his lovely young wife find themselves dangerously involved in a murder mystery. The crime is committed with a minimum of morbidity and is solved by natural sequence of cause and effects, rather than by high-school dramatics of Hawkshaw deduction. The locale is contemporary London.

The Moon Is Our Home

ENTERTAINING nonsense, in the manner of swift comedy romance, about an overtemperamental Hollywood movie star and an equally volatile author of note who meet and fall in love while traveling incognito in order to escape from their respective pesty public. Leaning heavily to the farce, the real surprise is the complete reversal of the usually dramatic personalities of Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda. They reach their comedy heights on this occasion during transcontinental train-ride sequences when, unaware of each other's presence, both believe they are the intended subject of the acclaim of the crowds massed en route. Insane, but distinctly human.

JAMES P. CUNNINGHAM.

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Communications

THE GREGORIAN ESTHETIC

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editor: The Reverend Kenneth Ryan's article on the "Gregorian Esthetic" in THE COMMONWEAL brings up a subject of tremendous interest, which is not very well understood in this country, partly because Gregorian Chant in its purity and perfection is so seldom heard. Parish choirs generally make a travesty of it, distorting and sentimentalizing it. To really know and understand something of it, one must spend a long time near a Benedictine Abbey and follow with Gradual and Antiphonary all the daily Masses and offices. When there are more Benedictine houses in this country, people will begin to learn what Gregorian Chant really is.

But it was of another subject in Father Ryan's article that I wish to speak. He says: "The art of stained glass is essentially one of miniature, from which conceptions embodying anything like majestic sweep are precluded. The emphasis is necessarily on things like tenderness and sweetness, which, however true and good they may be, do not offer a field for the adequate expression of the grander and more fundamental truths of faith." What stained glass has the Reverend Father seen? Has he seen the great twelfth- and thirteenth-century glass of France?

What about the majestic figures of prophets, Apostles and kings in the north and south transepts of the cathedral of Chartres, the prophets holding the Apostles on their shoulders, prefiguring in their prophecies the truth of the Incarnation which the Apostles were to proclaim. Is there anything more grand and doctrinal than that? And the hieratic figure of Our Lady and the great angel of the Annunciation in the clerestory of the apse. Is there anything "miniature" about that?

What about the great Crucifixion in the east window of the cathedral of Poitiers? Here is the whole truth of the Incarnation expressed in the grandest terms, the suffering and the victory of the Cross. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."

This window is perhaps best seen in the later afternoon from the western door, the whole length of the cathedral away. If the Reverend Father means that the *maîtres verriers* used small pieces of glass, that is often true in this great period, when the windows were small Romaneseque lunettes in side aisles, as in that wonderful fragment of an Ascension in the cathedral of Le Mans. But the pieces of glass were not so small as the tiny cubes of the mosaics. And the great conception and creative art in these small windows is as far from being "miniature" as in the grandiose figures in that defile of saints in mosaic in Sant' Apollinare in Ravenna.

In all these examples of stained glass "majestic sweep" is fully portrayed and they certainly belong with Romanesque and early Gothic architecture, the mosaics and the Gregorian chant of the golden age, as embodying the highest knowledge and aspirations of the human soul, and "the grander and more fundamental truths of faith."

EVELYN BENEDICT.

TYRANNY IN THE GUELF MODE

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: The article, "Tyranny in the Guelf Mode," which appeared in THE COMMONWEAL of March 27, 1936, has attracted my attention and I beg to make some comment. Permitting full liberty to the writer of an article, embracing peoples of modern civilization of two hemispheres, there are a few outstanding misrepresentations that should be corrected.

(1) The "theatrical gesture of loyalty" made by Italians "roaring 'Long live the leader' at a stocky Lombard demagog," stands criticism from more than one angle. In the first place, Mussolini is not from Lombardy, which the writer of the article claims to be the backbone of Fascism, hence he is not a Milanese, but from Forli, and to this he owes in a measure his undaunted courage and power, as a leader of the Fascist party and, I may add, an outstanding figure of the twentieth century. Forli is a province so named from a city of like name, in the territorial division of Amelia in Romagna, a Pontifical State until 1870. The term "theatrical gesture" is used by the writer of the article in derision of the military salute of the Fascists; yet each nation throughout the world has its own salutation in reverence for high authority and, be it military or otherwise, it is far from theatrical.

(2) That the Hohenzollern saws wood at Doorn does not in any way detract from his scholarly attainments and vanished glory, owing to Hitler's exploits. Furthermore, the House of Savoy, the present Victor Emmanuel, does a little more than gather "postage stamps"—to alleviate his feelings, as the learned writer infers. It is a collection of medieval and modern coins used in Italy or made by Italians in foreign countries, of which Victor Emmanuel is making a collection, and is writing the history, having already compiled several volumes, under the name of "Corpus Numorum Italicorum," which will be a very valuable gift to posterity.

(3) As to the House of Savoy "sadly wanting in military genius," it holds the ranking military record of nearly ten centuries for military bravery and honor, from Umberto Biancamano to the present day, attested by recent events on the fields of battle, in the person of the Duke of Bergamo and other members of the royal house and its able generals. This shows how the spark of militarism is far from "being extinguished," but is carried from one generation to the other through the centuries.

Volumes will be and have been written of what civilization owes to Italy, through its military and other achievements too numerous to mention, as well as of what is due, through the ages, to other nations, in the compilation of "Tyranny in the Guelf Mode."

In conclusion, let me add that nations like individuals inherit traits and characteristics, whatever the source, gradually evolved and assimilated to their environment and conditions, some for good, others for evil, but since human nature is ever the same let us hope that as "civilization westward takes its course," with it will eventually come peace and neighborly love for one and for all.

H. DE S. FILIPELLO.

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Crockett, Calif.

TO the Editor: I have read with interest—and bewilderment—Mr. Summerfield Baldwin's "fantasy" of the Guelfs and Ghibellines recently appearing in your esteemed weekly. For example, I cannot figure out in what way Florence, my old home town, may be called "Frenchy." Even if we go back to the Medici, it would sound less strange to say that they Florentinized France (by giving to France a couple of queens) rather than they Frenchified Florence. No less surprising is the statement that "the King would be happier in Florence than in turbulent, hostile Rome." Nice adjectives, turbulent and hostile, but neither fits in the least the Rome of today.

Please also inform Mr. Baldwin that not much may be built on the assertion that Mussolini is a Milanese, because he is not a Milanese at all: he is a typical son of Romagna—born at Predappio, in the province of Forli. And a Romagnolo is very different from a Milanese.

REV. A. R. BANDINI.

MARRIAGE RACKETS

Crown Point, Ind.

TO the Editor: Under your Seven Days' Survey of March 27, you have a paragraph entitled "Marriage Rackets," in which the reader's attention was focused on Crown Point. It is true that the Chicago *Tribune* featured two Sunday articles on the racket of marriage as conducted in Crown Point, but I would hesitate to say that it is conducting an honest campaign against it. Would that it were! You will find that when the *Tribune* is short on features it chooses a story like the marriage racket. It is far from the policy of the Chicago paper to sanctify marriage.

Living in the heart of this romantic city (4,000 inhabitants), I have a little knowledge of what is transpiring. Naturally everyone from the solicitors on the streets to the clerk, down to the justices of peace and ministers, put on a face and utter words of innocence. They all try to explain their position on the racket and their constant explaining and excusing is an indication of bad consciences. Crown Point received a bad name nationally over a year ago through a wooden gun incident. Its name becomes blacker because officials are dabbling in a holy thing. Ministers, save one, dare not be so brazen, but you can find that they have their shingles out to let couples know where they live. Certainly all Crown Point people know where they reside.

Crown Point has one Catholic church of 250 families. These out-of-town couples occasionally find their way to the rectory. Most often they are not fortified with authorization letters from their pastors, and so as an observer of Canon Law, with a few words of instruction, they are sent to their pastors. The clerk issuing the license in the past took it upon herself to inquire of the Catholic couple as to whether they had a letter from their priest. If not they would be informed that they need not call on the priest here. The advice she would then impart was to go to the justice of the peace and then have the marriage "blessed" afterward in their church. Needless to say this method of interrogating couples has been halted.

In regard to the physical condition of the couples I can say that most of them are sober, even though many have only a slight idea of what it is all about. I know, however, that others could hardly carry their own weight.

It seems to me that a uniform national law will eradicate this unholy racket. But primarily moral Christian education which most of our children do not receive is the requisite. Marriage has become a mockery in our country.

REV. JOSEPH HAMMER.

OF THE MISUSES OF DIVERSITY

San Francisco, Calif.

TO the Editor: To the writer, a "white collar," who down the years has seen and known industrial exploitation and injustice, the article by Bryan M. O'Reilly, "Of the Misuses of Diversity," in the February 28 issue of THE COMMONWEAL, is a rather discouraging symptom of the inclination on the part of some writers among Catholics to soft-pedal social injustice.

In "dissecting" Mr. Taaffe's article, Mr. O'Reilly says that "poverty and dire suffering and want and careless ease stand side by side," and that it has always been so. Just because "it has always been so" is it right and proper that it should so continue?

"Pity for the awful plight of many and the wish to make the world again with justice and charity," will not convert the industrialist whose chief concern has been—and is—profits and dividends, and to whom the "plight of many" is a very remote concern.

Again—there are thousands of workers "who have not been cradled in ease," but who have known hard and continuous work for years, and whose stout hearts grow weary and discouraged when they see efforts to obtain justice and security for those who work, thwarted and nullified. Mr. O'Reilly could get a very interesting angle of this phase of the question from a reading of Robert Littell's article in the March *Harper's*: "Employees Exit."

In your issue of March 13, Mr. Patrick Lucey is much agitated about a "covert attack" on the Supreme Court. Why is it that a Catholic priest or layman cannot raise his voice against social injustice and suggest government regulation of industry and finance without certain other Catholics acquiring a case of the "jitters" and setting up the cry of "Socialism"?

H. M. ENRIGHT.

Yonkers, N. Y.

TO the Editor: My good friend, Power O'Malley, the Irish painter, has a thesis that he expounds whenever opportunity offers—he sometimes makes the opportunity—to wit, that we Irish are really a dour, earnest, serious race; and that the attribution to us of humor is a superstition invented and fostered by an unfriendly Ascendancy. I begin to think he is right—unless "Bryan O'Reilly" (issue of February 28) is only a pen-name.

THOMAS GAFFNEY TAAFFE.

Editors' Note: In behalf of Mr. O'Reilly it is perhaps well to say that few have had more direct or harrowing experience of unemployment, etc., than has he.

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Books

A Song of Strong Men

The Hurricane, by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

THE THOUSANDS of readers and lovers of the trilogy of Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, which the screen has carried into bookless homes, will be glad to have another song of strong men against the sea which is "The Hurricane." Here the song is brief, though just as powerful, and the major figures, this time, are Polynesians instead of Europeans. Yet it is the same symphony of courage and human grandeur in the face of the inhumanities of law and the Pacific, a symphony the Elizabethans would have loved, welcome in a day when physical and economic forces are reckoned as mighty things, but men as small.

On the tiniest of stages, rising precipitously for miles out of the abyss of earth's greatest ocean, on an island built up a few feet above water by minute creatures of the sea, a man trapped by law fights his way to freedom through a hurricane which lifts the sea over his island and wipes out his people's houses and graves. A French doctor, disillusioned by the war, and a French priest, who has gone back to the simplicity of first-century Christianity, stand up shoulder to shoulder with the handsome children of an ancient race against an impersonal Colonial Administrator, who represents the code of thrift and order that are France, and the gales and breakers that turn the paradise of the South Seas into an inferno. As in old-fashioned stories, the victory falls to man. It will always be so in all the books written by these two men, high falcons of the Lafayette Flying Corps, who came out of the poisoned air of wartime France with a profound admiration for mankind. The lost generation for them was a generation that found itself. Where others have been stirring up the slime in men's ways, they have been writing songs to the glory and honor of the race.

There is beauty enough even in the destruction and desolation they put into their tale. The hurricane that wiped Manukura from the maps deserves to take its place by the storm in "Lear." But elsewhere there are organs of vastness playing. A native woman foresees death in a dream and lies down to surrender to ancient and mysterious law and quietly dies. The French doctor, who lives on poetry as well as his practise, lies on a few square yards of earth lost in the center of the Pacific and stares up at the stars until he is half blind with them and chastened in mind. The sad, thin music of humanity comes to him in the cry of a new-born baby between the thunders of a gale on a coral reef. The thin music of humanity is heard everywhere in this wilderness of sun and infinite waters. The Polynesian huts are but specks in empty space. But their warmth keeps out the coldness of the manless infinity. The priest keeps alive the beautiful, tender light of the Faith. There is the warm graveyard with the rainbows in the everlasting smoke of the great waves drifting over it: "The burying ground was all white: the coral sand, the low wall that surrounded it, the blossoms of the

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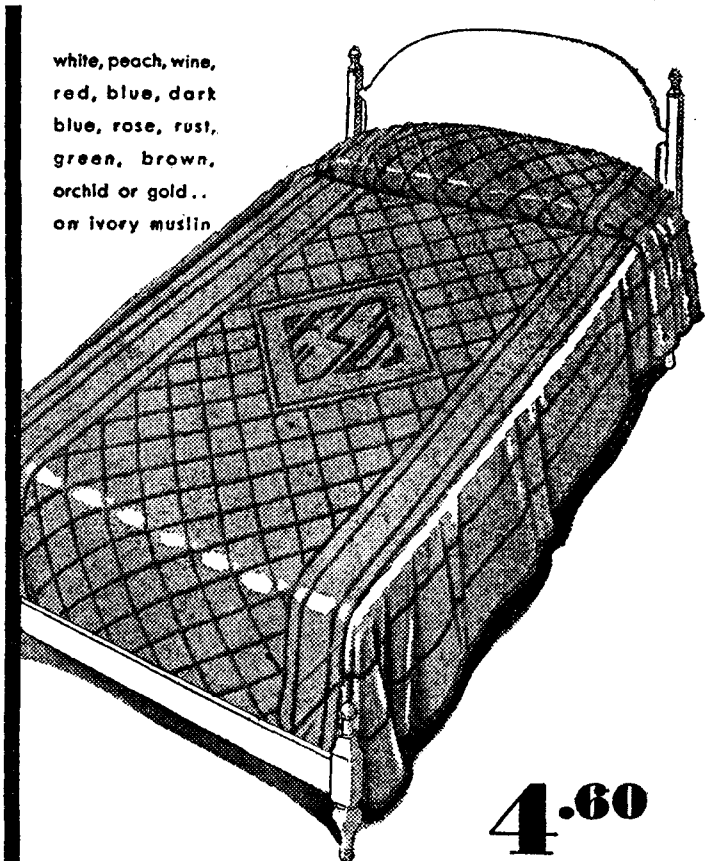

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Next Week

THE STRUGGLE IN MEXICO, by Wilfrid Parsons, S. J., editor of *America*, is a chapter from his forthcoming book—a chapter so vivid, through being simply realistic, and naming names, and citing particular instances, that no one can read it without having printed on his mind an unforgettable frieze of significant events in contemporary history. And while they are events with large implications, while they are representative events of the contemporary struggle against the basest kind of Caesarism, they are touchingly human. That is, they are not historical generalities or suppositions; they are the human meat and soul stuff of experience. . . . DON'T FORGET THE COLLEGES, by Clarence J. Enzler, finds that "our young men and women both appear and feel intellectually incompetent by comparison with the cocksure enthusiasts of the more radial elements," and that "Catholic students walk out of college into a machine-gun world armed with little more than a popgun knowledge of Catholic social principles." Two instances to the contrary are also cited. . . . LYAUTEY'S PRAYER, by Henri Massis, is an extraordinarily tender personal narrative of the difficulties of a man who, having abandoned his faith, is struggling to find the strength and the courage to resume it—the man in this case, being a Marshal of France and a famous colonial governor. . . . WHAT ABOUT THE JOBLESS? by John Collins, tells with fascinating lucidity of the efforts to get those on government-made work back into regular employment and of one such effort which has been signally successful and may have important lessons.

flowering shrubs, the headstones of the dead—even the ghost terns that sailed back and forth like tiny voiceless spirits were as white as snow. No sound of life in the village reached this place. In the cool of the early morning or evening, husbands or wives or mothers would come to spend an hour beside some grave, deriving pleasure from a sense of the physical closeness of those they loved."

It is the loveliness of man which stars this story of vast beauty and of vast storm.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN.

History of Mufti

A History of Europe, Volume III: The Liberal Experiment, by Herbert A. L. Fisher. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.00.

THIS third and concluding volume of Mr. Herbert A. L. Fisher's "History of Europe" presents a spirited account of leading events from 1789 to 1935. Subtitled "The Liberal Experiment," it finds its thread of unity in the history of that effort for civil, political and spiritual freedom which began in the revolutionary eighteenth century and is today not only challenged but, over wide areas, repulsed and threatened with undoing.

Mr. Fisher tells that story very well. He writes in vigorous style and his narrative marches briskly, having nothing at all of that wearisome flatness and anonymity so commonly present in general histories designed as class textbooks. Mr. Fisher never allows his reader to forget that it is an Englishman of pronouncedly liberal views who is telling the story. Moreover, the book is formed in admirable pattern, and even though it is, like most general histories written by English scholars, preeminently political history, yet the acts of statesmen, government policies, diplomacy, wars and revolutions are so described as to make one constantly aware of the underlying currents of social, economic and spiritual change. For that reason the book is really of more organic character than most of those sprawling general histories into which are crowded great funds of information about trade and technology, art, science, literature and other phases of social culture. But perhaps the most remarkable fact about the book is that in it the author, who is of the elder generation of British historians, has been able to give a certain freshness of flavor to the familiar anti-traditionalist and also anti-Catholic account of the period since the French Revolution. His mind is manifestly one formed by that optimistic secularism of a generation ago—before the war, before Bolshevism, Fascism and the great anti-liberal reaction—and the persistence of his liberal faith, plus a bracing style and a comprehensive view of Europe as a single commonwealth rather than a medley of diverse sovereignties and national cultures, is, I think, the explanation for this quality of freshness.

Having so characterized Mr. Fisher's history, it seems hardly necessary to specify the various complaints which are inevitably to be brought against many of his interpretations, as for example, of the July Monarchy (which he seems greatly to admire), or of the Piedmontese "unification" of Italy, or of the coming of the French and

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Spanish republics. What he says of these matters is what one would expect of any British liberal, and against it no traditionalist conservative will fail to enter a dissent. Nor will any really discerning conservative agree with Mr. Fisher's view that the most significant line of conflict in Europe today is to be drawn between Communism, Fascism and National Socialism on the one hand, and the parliamentary democracies on the other. It is indeed a superficial and unphilosophical judgment that affirms the deepest inner struggle of our civilization to be an opposition between the disciples of Hegel and Marx and the disciples of Locke and Rousseau.

But if one cannot reasonably demand that Mr. Fisher see events through any eyes save his own, one might fairly expect that a historian of his learning and eminence should guard himself strictly against looseness of thought and statement. Yet it cannot be said that he has successfully done so in this swiftly moving work. For instance of this, there is no just warrant for asserting that the wars of the Revolution "left France a permanently enfeebled member of European society." Neither is it a just and accurate statement that Charles X intended in 1830 "to blot out liberty in all its forms"; nor is it true that the "Austrian Empire was built on the negation of nationality." And certainly it is at the least highly misleading to declare it difficult to establish "the principles and practises of free government in a Roman Catholic country," or to state that Pius IX condemned universal suffrage in the Syllabus of errors. Doubtless haste and oversight in proofreading explain other errors, small but irritating, such as the designation of Lessing as a Jew and Friedrich List as an Austrian, the sending of the first steamer across the Atlantic in 1819, the dating of the Japanese spring upon Manchuria as in 1933, and the statement that Dollfuss was President rather than Chancellor of the Austrian Republic. Such a list could be extended.

Finally, one cannot but remark the striking presence in this book of that profound and obtuse British bias which pervades so many English historical works. Mr. Fisher believes that "a kind Providence has presided over English politics," and that "ever since the 'glorious revolution' Britain has been the most wisely governed of the European states." He believes also that the French Revolution made little appeal to Englishmen because "the best part of that which Republican France had now to offer, this conservative island already possessed"; moreover, "while the Continent was shaken by revolution in 1830 and 1848, there was in England a smooth and tranquil enlargement of liberty and well-being." Nor was this political virtue practised only locally, but carried also beyond the seas. "The English," says Mr. Fisher, "succeeded in conquering India because they brought with them peace and deliverance from oppression," and they realized there "perhaps more nearly than any other ruling class . . . the ideal of disinterested government which Plato thought could be secured only if the guardians of the state were shielded from the temptations of ownership and family." All this and much more of the nationalist-imperialist credo: the faith that has not yet failed.

Ross J. S. Hoffman.

The Catholic Book Club's April Selection

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Tragic Hispania

The Spanish Main, by Philip Ainsworth Means. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.

DR. PHILIP AINSWORTH MEANS needs no introduction to the serious reader or student of Hispanic America. His distinguished career in the field of archeology has made possible the publication of two remarkable volumes on the pre-Hispanic organization of Peru and of the conquest, "Ancient Civilizations of the Andes" and "Fall of the Inca Empire." Both display the same solid scholarship and painstaking investigation that has come to characterize the historical contribution of Dr. Means.

In this relatively short volume under review he attempts to compress the vast and elaborate history of the Spanish Main. The term itself is perhaps a bit ambiguous. Dr. Means defines it in his Preface: "The Spanish Main indicates, therefore, not only the central and crucial part of the Spanish Empire in America but also the area in which Spain's enemies concentrated the majority of their efforts to destroy that empire." This covers the West Indies, northern South America and the Isthmus of Panama. So we are to expect a description of the rivalries that shook the West Indies and the main lines of the conquest which asserted Spain's supremacy in continental South America. This task is one of extraordinary synthesis—of omission and selection—and the sure hand and mind of Dr. Means has woven a clear, relevant and coherent tale out of the confusion and contradiction of these centuries during which the European powers disputed Spain's sweeping claims to the New World.

Dr. Means is a Hispanist of the school made great by William H. Prescott and Edward Gaylord Bourne. This may be taken as meaning that he is a partizan of things Spanish and an apologist for their colonial system in America. There is, however, no touch of *parti pris* in his approach to this intricate subject. He preserves the same serenity of attitude and the same critical point of view that gave Bourne's "Spain in America" a lasting place in the historical literature in English dealing with Hispanic America. In fact, one finds striking points of comparison between the two historians. Their mission has been to make available to English-speaking readers the essence of the Spanish colonial system and its antecedents, based on the rigid canons of modern historical scholarship.

The brevity of this work prevents attention to many points which one would wish to see developed. No single region can be examined with more than a cursory glance. In ten chapters, the author, taking as his point of departure the discovery itself, considers the course of conquest and settlement in the West Indies, the English and French intrusions, the piratical incursions, and the later foundation of the English, French and Dutch colonies. Very considerable attention is devoted to the *El Dorado* myth, called succinctly enough, "the myth of easy money." The permanent establishment of the European powers in the Spanish Main led to the two centuries of titanic struggle

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for supremacy. Dr. Means ends with a retrospect, a rapid analysis of the contrasting colonial systems of the various states involved. The specific cases of colonial expansion are woven together into one broad whole. There is perhaps an almost too superficial treatment of such curious and significant activities as the Spanish expansion in Puerto Rico, the French in Santo Domingo and the British in Jamaica.

Nevertheless, the merits of the book are incontestable and it will enhance the already excellent reputation of the author for erudition. The bibliography is extremely complete.

RICHARD PATTEE.

An Evangelist

Meditations on the Cross, by Toyohiko Kagawa; translated by Helen F. Topping and Marion R. Draper. Chicago: Willett, Clark and Company. $1.50.

KAGAWA, who is lecturing extensively in this country just now, is the leading Protestant evangelist of Japan, its best-known social worker, famous for his emphasis on the cooperative movement, and author of a hundred books. For years he voluntarily lived in the slums of Kobe, becoming the uncrowned king of the poor of that city.

But he is not one who believes that economic reform is enough. "From my experience of living among the poor," he writes in this book, "I am opposed to the idea that it is enough to change their outward environment, or to distribute material goods or cash among them. The economic aspect is only one phase of human activity, and we can never reorganize society from that standpoint alone. The faults of men must be swept away. Social reconstruction is impossible without seeking first a deep spiritual awakening. . . . The development of conscience and of the social movement must go forward together." And despite his enormous activity, he spends a period each morning in meditation.

Coupled with this attitude goes an emphasis on asceticism. He boldly asserts his disagreement with those who say: " 'The cross is out of date. In this new age a religion of suffering is no longer of value. . . . A religion based on suffering is medieval and unsuited to our modern minds.' "

In this connection Kagawa makes the statement, which will be surprising to most Americans, that there is still plenty of room in Hokkaido for immigration, and much room in Karafuto. "The reason that the Japanese do not go in and occupy such lands is because they lack the willingness to endure privations, the spirit of bearing a cross." "There are a million or more Koreans who have emigrated to northeastern Manchuria. . . . They are enduring the trials of a cold climate with courage. . . . But the Japanese are always looking for an easy mode of life, and they have lost the desire to persevere in enduring hardships. They are attempting to flee from the cross." "We have the habit in Japan of running away from suffering."

J. ELLIOT ROSS.

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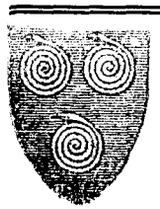
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Inside China

Mirror of China, by Louis Laloy; translated by Catherine Alison Phillips. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75.

A TRAVEL book by a sensitive French scholar thoroughly familiar with the civilization he depicts is a rare treat. Louis Laloy feels a strong affinity for the people he is visiting—their extreme courtesy, refined epicureanism, love of philosophy, beauty and the arts generally. His unqualified admiration for many of his cultivated Chinese friends is outspoken. Most striking is his genuine reverence as a Catholic for the wisdom of the great Chinese philosophers, who, he seems to believe, in their profoundly sincere quest for knowledge were led by the Holy Ghost. He cites Lao-tse's "The Book of The Way and of Virtue" in which the three names for The Way "may be read as 'I-hi-wei' and, when rendered as exactly as the differences of the two languages will permit, they correspond to the three consonants standing for the name of Yahveh (God) in the vowelless script of the Hebrews." If a coincidence, this had less than 1 chance in 4,000,000 of occurring. Of Taoism, Buddhism and Confucianism he says, "One of them teaches faith, another pity and the third obedience, as though Providence had intended to sow piecemeal in China that which Christian revelation showers upon the world as a whole." The China of impoverished peasants, porters, workmen, of "The Good Earth," is all but ignored in "Mirror of China," which is a fascinating reflection of the background, life and outlook of the Chinese élite, lightly fringed with more general observations.

The Splendor Falls

Selected Poems, by A. E. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

"IF I SHOULD be remembered I would like it to be for the verses in this book," wrote the author. "They are my choice out of the poetry I have written." And they are good and beautiful poems, many with the blend of Celtic mysticism and Celtic feeling for lovable homely things that has a special charm. Some of the mysticism is theosophy, but within its limitations, it is nobly conceived.

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